

The Enterprise.

VOL. 7.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1902.

NO. 35.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
6:02 A. M. Daily.	
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.	
8:26 A. M. Daily.	
12:48 P. M. Daily.	
4:53 P. M. Daily.	
8:54 P. M. Daily.	
9:11 P. M. Daily.	
SOUTH.	
12:30 A. M. Daily.	
6:45 A. M. Daily.	
7:38 A. M. Daily except Sunday.	
12:10 P. M. Daily.	
2:33 P. M. Daily except Sunday.	
7:08 P. M. Daily.	

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

Change of Time Which Went Into Effect February 5th, 1900.

Cars leave Holy Cross. 6:49, 7:13, 7:37, 8:01, 8:16 A. M. and every 15 minutes thereafter until 11:30 P. M. 3:45, 4:01, 4:17, 4:38, 4:49, 5:06, 5:21 and every 15 minutes thereafter until 11:30 P. M. 7:51 P. M. 8:39, 8:51, 9:09, 9:26, 9:49, 10:21, 10:53, 11:23. All cars run direct through to new Ferry Depot. First car leaves Ferry Station 8:52 A. M. and every 15 minutes thereafter until 6:10 P. M. Time cards can be obtained by applying to conductors or office at 30th St.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:30 to 10 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North. 6:45 12:10 4:38

MAIL CLOSURE.

North. 8:51 12:23 5:21 South. 6:15

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 435, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. F. Chamberlain	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
J. J. Bullock	Redwood City
ASSISTANT	
O. D. Hayward	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER	
M. E. Thompson	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
J. E. Mansfield	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barber	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert	Redwood City

A THIRD WIFE FOR THE EMPEROR.

A Proclamation Issued to All Good-Looking Marriageable Daughters.

Tacoma, Wash.—The steamship Victoria brings news that the Chinese Empress Dowager has undertaken the choosing of a third imperial consort for the Emperor. She will succeed Chen Fei, who, rumor says, was thrown into a well by order of the Empress Dowager during the flight of the Court from Peking in August, 1900. The Empress Dowager has commanded Duke Kuei Hsing, father of the present Empress, to issue a proclamation to all members of the Manchu and Mongol organizations to bring their good-looking marriageable daughters to the palace some day this month for the selection of a proper imperial consort. About a hundred of the most handsome girls will be chosen for presentation, and from these the Empress Dowager and the Emperor will make a selection.

Ching Fei, the first imperial concubine and the older sister of the late murdered Chen Fei, will soon be promoted to the dignity of Eastern Empress, or second imperial consort. The lady now to be chosen as Chen Fei's successor will be subsequently promoted to the dignity of Western Empress, or third imperial consort. This is the position which the Empress Dowager held as consort of the late Emperor Hsien Feng.

Illinois Town Wiped Out.

St. Louis.—Fire caused by the overturning of a lantern in a stable at Madison, Ill., wiped out practically the entire town at midnight Tuesday. The damage is estimated at \$200,000.

NEWS OF THE WORLD EPITOMIZED

Important Happenings of the Week Briefly Told.

TELEGRAMS FROM ALL SECTIONS.

Short, Pithy Paragraphs That Give the Cream of the Week's Events in a Form Appreciated by Busy Readers

General Molto, Captain-General of Madrid, died from injuries sustained when he fell from his horse at a review of Spanish troops held at the time King Alfonso attained his majority.

Four American teachers living at Cebu, island of Cebu, Philippines, went out for a day's outing June 10th, and have not yet returned. Three detachments of native constabulary are searching for the missing Americans, and have received orders not to return without them.

King Albert of Saxony is dead. During his illness he designated his eldest brother, Prince George, to be his representative in affairs of state. The King of Saxony had no children, consequently Prince George, his eldest brother, is heir to the throne of Saxony.

The inauguration of civil government on the island of Samar was witnessed by a large crowd of people. General F. D. Grant turned the administration of the island over to General Wright, acting Civil Governor of the archipelago. The former insurgent leaders, Guevara, Abuque and Rafael, were present. Senor Llorente was appointed Civil Governor of the island by Governor Wright.

A column of slime, 100 meters high, has been ejected from the volcano on Mont Pelee and has fallen on Basse Pointe, enveloping the lower portion of the town and completely razing twenty-two houses. No loss of life has been reported. The part of Basse Pointe which suffered is now covered to the thickness of about five meters with slimy mud. Le Precheur also suffered from this latest eruption of Mont Pelee.

Secretary Root has made answer to the Senate resolution of April 17th, calling for information as to the cost of the war in the Philippines. It is shown that \$50,000 was advanced for the expenses of the Philippine Commission originally from the United States this year, but this amount afterward was reimbursed out of the Philippine treasury. For the transportation of troops and supplies to and from the Philippines since the peace treaty was ratified the cost has been \$4,803,448.

Assistant Secretary of the Navy Darling has written to Chairman Foss of the House Committee on Naval Affairs approving the proposed bill providing for the removing of the wreck of the battleship Maine, and the recovery of the bodies thought to be in the wreck. It has been asserted at times that the Navy Department is not desirous of having the wreck removed, owing to the issues it would revive over the cause of the wreck.

Testifying before the House of Commons committee on steamship subsidies, Lord Brassey, former Civil Lord of the Admiralty and at one time its Secretary, said he favored the policy of subsidizing ocean liners for use as armed cruisers. Undoubtedly it would be to the public advantage to have a number of auxiliary war vessels, but it could not be accomplished without subsidies. If the Cunard line could not hold its own unassisted the Government ought, from patriotic motives, to render the assistance necessary to retain the company under the British flag.

News from Tucson, A. T., says a startling sensation has been caused at Lochiel by the elopement of Jeanne Cameron, the 16-year-old daughter of Colonel Cameron, with a Mexican vaquero. Cameron is a wealthy cattleman, and with ex-Senator Don Cameron of Pennsylvania and Senator Quay, owns the famous San Rafael cattle ranch. Miss Cameron is said to have a large interest in the ranch and the stock. The eloping parties are said to have fled into Mexico and are being followed by her father and the Sheriff of Santa Cruz county.

The Treasury Department advised Representative Kahn that San Francisco architects would be permitted to compete in submitting plans for the new Custom-house. It is customary for the Department to select the firms which will bid and to designate as many outside firms as those in the city where the work is done. Assistant Secretary Taylor said probably ten architects would be asked to submit plans, of whom five would be San Franciscans. The five outside firms will be taken from different parts of the United States.

Thomas Walker of Cincinnati was arrested at New York on a charge of using the mails for fraudulent purposes. The arrest was made at the request of Postoffice Inspector Holmes of Cincinnati, who wrote to the postal authorities there that for some time W. H. O'Hara had done business in Cincinnati as a turf commissioner on the co-operative plan. He disappeared on May 23d, Inspector Holmes wrote, and with him went considerable money belonging to his clients. Walker was manager for O'Hara, according to Holmes, who said the postal authorities had abundant evidence of evidence of fraud and wanted to prosecute the two men. He wrote that he understood that both men were in business in that city at 258 Broadway. They were interested, he said, in a New York turf syndicate of which Frederick Terwillinger was president and S. R. Olmstead secretary.

Charles Parks of Troy, N. Y., a paper-maker, was shot and killed some place between St. Joseph and Livingston, Mich., on a southbound freight train by one of two tramp negroes, who, after taking his life, robbed his body and fled. Parks, accompanied by M. Kelley and John Mays, had sought shelter from the rain in a boxcar occupied by the negroes. The negroes drew revolvers and held up the three men, Kelley and Mays being relieved of a few dollars. Then they walked over to Parks, who was standing with his hands above his head, and one of them shot him, Parks sinking to the floor dead. After rifling Parks' body the men jumped from the train and escaped. The murder was committed while the train was running at a rapid rate.

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NIZINI RIVER HAS A BIG STAMPEDE

Town of Valdes is Almost Depopulated by a New Gold Discovery.

AS HIGH AS TWO DOLLARS TO PAN.

Bedrock is Only Three Feet Underneath the Surface—Location Pronounced by Experts to Be as Rich as Any in Alaska.

Seattle.—The discovery of new placer diggings on Nizini river, Alaska, has thrown Valdes into a state of excitement. From twenty cents to two dollars to the pan and bedrock at three feet has caused every man who could possibly do so to leave for the new mines. There are hardly enough men in town to run the stores, while some of the saloons and business houses have closed. Every available horse and pack animal has been purchased at exorbitant prices and many have gone on foot with only a blanket, pan and shovel, depending on road houses for food and shelter.

News of the discovery was brought to Valdes by M. T. Rowland and E. C. Van Brundt. Rowland came out to record claims and Van Brundt to secure medical treatment for one of his eyes, which he injured quite severely. Rowland, after recording a number of claims, returned.

The new strike is on the Nizini river and its tributaries. The Nizini is a branch of the celebrated Chittyn river, on the head waters of which are the famous Nicholi copper mines. The Nizini is a long river with a number of branches and gulches and is about 150 miles from Valdes, and in one of the richest mineral districts in Alaska, according to Government geologists and mining men of experience.

Rowland brought out considerable coarse gold. Many of the nuggets were as large as beans. He says he is satisfied the Nizini will prove one of the richest districts in Alaska. Additional letters received here confirm the Nizini discovery.

NATIONAL IRRIGATION BILL SIGNED

President Takes Last Step to Make the Measure a Law.

WORK SOON TO BE COMMENCED.

Gila, Truckee and St. Mary's Rivers the Scenes of First Operations of Government Engineers.

Washington.—Another hope of the great West, which, two weeks ago, a leader in the House characterized as an iridescent dream, was realized when President Roosevelt attached his signature to the national irrigation bill. Representative Mondell of Wyoming secured the pen with which the bill was signed, though it ought to have gone to Newlands of Nevada, the real father of the irrigation bill.

The Secretary of the Interior now takes charge of the national work through the geological survey, and within a few weeks it is expected active preliminary work will be begun on the construction of systems on the Gila river, Arizona; Truckee river, Nevada; and St. Mary's river, Montana. Surveys for these projects are in more advanced state than others and each presents typical features of the region, making them the best projects for experimental development of the national scheme.

Representative Newlands was jubilant over the completion of the campaign that has lasted for years. He said: "The proceeds of the sales of public lands in the sixteen Western States for the present and last fiscal years go into the arid land reclamation fund. This amounts to about \$6,000,000. The income from land sales is expected at first to be about \$3,000,000 annually, but it will increase as the irrigation districts are developed. In the next thirty years, we estimate, over \$150,000,000 will be expended in reclamation. This bill is automatic, the money expended being returned in land sales, and no appropriation will be needed to carry on the work. If by any chance the work is stopped temporarily, no doubt the Government will loan enough funds to keep things going, to be repaid from land sales. Remember that all kinds of land in the public domain contribute to this fund—mineral, timber and stone and agricultural.

"Another fact should be noted, the Government pays its own expenses for administration, surveys, etc., and does not take from the reclamation fund for these items. We defeated an amendment that attempted to saddle upon the reclamation fund the expenses of the Government. This fund goes entirely into the development of irrigation projects. The geological survey is splendidly equipped for the immediate commencement of the great work."

More Leaders Will Not Yield. Manila.—Colonel Frank D. Baldwin of the Twenty-seventh Infantry, who is stationed on the island of Mindanao, has written a letter to the Sultan of Bacolor, in which he sets forth the intentions of the American authorities. Colonel Baldwin said, among other things, that the Americans did not intend to interfere with the religion, plurality of wives or property of the Moros. The following reply has been received from the Sultan by Colonel Baldwin:

"We ask you to retire to Malabang; we do not want you in the Lake Lanao district unless you will join our religion and adopt our customs. In case you do not so desire all the dates will make war on you, because here there is but one religion, that of Stamboul."

Colonel Baldwin says that the Sultans of Bacolor and Massin will have to be taken prisoners before permanent peace in Mindanao is possible.

Little Boy Drinks Poison.

Boise, Idaho.—News has been received at Boise of the death of a three and a half year old son of Oscar Brunzell at Reynolds, from taking strychnine. Some visitors to the house had left a bottle containing a solution of poison standing on a dresser. The little lad drank some of it and died shortly afterward.

We never got high enough up the ladder of fame to make us dizzy.

Fell From an Oil Derrick.

Bakersfield.—Thomas P. Carling fell from the top of a derrick on the Knob Hill lease in the Kern river oil field and met instant death. An examination made by Coroner Buckreus showed that the skull was crushed and that the neck, shoulders and collar bone were broken. He was 28 years of age and a native of Nevada. His parents reside in Fresno, to which place his body was shipped.

Callom's Daughter Dead.

Baltimore.—Mrs. William Barrett Ridgeley, wife of the Controller of the Currency, died at the John Hopkins Hospital, after an operation for appendicitis. She was a daughter of United States Senator Shelby M. Callom of Illinois.

Michigan Professor Killed.

Fennville, Mich.—Professor John C. Johnson, a member of the faculty of the Wisconsin State University at Madison, was instantly killed near Pine Grove by falling from a load of goods he was moving to his summer cottage.

Lightning Kills Many.

Madrid.—While a funeral was being held in a church at Pinero, in the province of Orenz, the building was struck by lightning, as a result of which twenty-five people were killed and thirty-five injured.

Oldest Native of San Jose.

San Jose.—Mrs. Bernadine Villagrana died here, aged 95 years. She was born in San Jose and was the oldest living native of this city. She was never outside the county during her long life.

German Torpedo Boat Sunk.

Kiel.—Torpedo boat No. 42 of the German navy was run down and sunk by a British steamer at the mouth of the Elbe. The commander of the torpedo boat and three of her crew are missing.

Cultured people are more in demand all the time. The man or woman without education or refinement stands little chance to rise in life now and will have less chance twenty years hence. We are getting to be cultured creatures. None others need apply.

INSANE NURSE CAUSES MANY DEATHS

Acknowledges That She Killed Seven of Her Patients by Giving Poison.

Barnstable, Mass.—Miss Jane Toppan, a nurse, was found "not guilty by reason of insanity" of the murder by poisoning of Mrs. Mary D. Gibbons of Cataumet on August 12, 1901, before a special sitting of the Superior Court here. The time occupied in the trial was scarcely six hours.

Dr. Henry R. Stedman of Boston, an alienist, testified that the prisoner told him in the presence of other medical experts that she caused the death of Mrs. Gibbons by giving her a poisonous dose of atropine and morphine.

When the defense put its medical experts on the witness stand the contention of moral and mental irresponsibility of the defendant was maintained.

Miss Toppan was ordered committed to Taunton Insane Asylum for life.

Jane Toppan, prior to her trial, made a confession to the State authorities in which she acknowledged the murder of seven persons. She is suspected of other murders.

Four of the murders to which she confessed have been made public by the State officials, but the identity of the other three is merely a matter of conjecture. Inasmuch as she is suspected of fourteen murders, it is difficult to learn to which seven crimes she has confessed.

Of the history of the Toppan case there is much that the public will never know. It would be impossible to tell the complete story of the life of the woman because it would be laughed down as utterly improbable and foundationless. This murderess had a passion for setting fires, as well as a greed for sacrificing human lives. One instance showing her combined manias may be cited. She was employed as a nurse in the family of a well-known lawyer of this State, but had no opportunity to kill off her patients. When the house was comparatively deserted one night she deliberately set fire to one of the rooms, hoping that the spread of the flames might accomplish what she did not dare otherwise attempt—the destruction of a helpless and powerless woman—without suspicion falling upon her. Fortunately the fire was seen in time to save the patient.

Mrs. Sadie Benson Drowned.

Santa Barbara.—The mystery of the recent disappearance of a well-known Santa Barbara woman, Mrs. Sadie Benson, has been solved by the discovery of her body floating off Moore's Landing, west of this city. She left home about three weeks ago, and at the time it was thought that she had committed suicide. It is supposed that the woman, while suffering from temporary dementia, found her way at night to the seashore and cast herself into the water from the wharf at the landing.

Crushed Under a Train.

Los Angeles.—Charles Morrison, a brakeman in the employ of the Southern Pacific, whose home is in East Los Angeles, fell from his train and was ground to pieces beneath the wheels near Beaumont, a small station near Colton. Morrison was married and leaves a family. He served in the Philippines and since his return has had employment with the Southern Pacific.

Lost His Leg at the Knee.

Auburn.—William Hollender, an engineer at the Black Canyon mine, near Westville, caught his leg in a rope while engaged in lowering logs down a hill to the mill, and the member was completely severed at the knee.

Four Boys Drowned.

St. Louis.—Four boys, aged 16 to 17, were drowned by the capsizing of a boat at Fern Glen. Hundreds of picknickers on shore saw the boys struggling in the water, but were unable to rescue them.

Hanged Himself in Jail.

Tuolumne.—James Maguire, well known throughout the lumber camps of the State, ended a month's spree Saturday night by hanging himself in jail here.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice, South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods; Boots and Shoes; Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods; Crockery and Agate Ware; Hats and Caps.

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed. || || Wood and Coal. || || ||

Lumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves., South San Francisco, Cal.



We have just received a large shipment of the famous Cyrus Noble whiskey.

This brand is the most popular American whiskey in the world.

It is a pure, old honest product.

It is distilled from selected grain.

It is a tonic and stimulant combined.

It is absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

It is reported that Russell Sage has become a vegetarian.

Eventually no American town will be without a sanitarium.

When a wise man knows anything worth telling he keeps it to himself.

Even the Czar is thinking about reforms; but not till his people are in revolt.

Give a man half a chance and he will tell of a grudge he has against some other man.

Women not only want the last word, but they want the last chapter. That is why they read the back of the book first.

Joseph was not a real captain of industry. He didn't twist the screw when the other fellows were calling for help.

We very much doubt the success of the reported attempt to form a lobster trust. The supply is too large to be "cornered."

If the Hon. James Hogg ever becomes Secretary of State, we are confident that he will not be referred to as "Little Breeches."

"Be virtuous and you will be wealthy," says Uncle Russell Sage—which is a rather severe reflection on some mighty good people.

A Cleveland preacher has discovered that the recently developed love for sports here in America is a sign of degeneracy. Down with the mud-died oafs!

Miss Mary MacLane is able to sympathize to some extent with the man who committed suicide because he was "tired of the everlasting buttoning and unbuttoning."

The fratricidal tragedy in New York by which one man eminent in letters and one in athletics died premature deaths was caused by a father's injustice. No man should carry his hatreds to his grave.

A Kansas editor has decided that when a man merely has a hook and line in the river on Sunday and isn't catching anything he is not fishing. That may be true, but if he has a gun on his shoulder, and is merely wandering around in search of game he is hunting.

"Pshaw, you're afraid!" "Yes, I am! I'm afraid of being sorry—and it's the only thing I'm afraid of in this world!" It was a scrap of a street conversation, and the two girls who spoke were out of sight before the words had died on the air. But one listener, at least, was stronger for having heard them.

Years ago a man bearing the name of John Smith had it changed to Gage. Gage, which name he selected because it was as unlike John Smith as he could possibly get it. And now an Englishman, one Panlico Pickles, has had his name changed to John Smith. There is no accounting for tastes.

The average American business man is like a cat. Throw him up and he lights on his feet. They tell the story of a life insurance agent in Chicago who was taken sick and carried to a hospital. He employed his leisure hours in persuading his nurse to take out an insurance policy and his share of the premium paid his own bill for attendance.

Social intercourse would less frequently engender hard feeling if all would observe the rule, which the Senate adopted recently: "No Senator in debate shall, directly or indirectly, by any form of words, impute to another Senator, or to any other Senators, any conduct or motive unworthy or unbecoming a Senator; no Senator in debate shall refer offensively to any State of the Union." This means simply that the Senators must behave as gentlemen. It is fair to them to say that most of them observed the rule before it was formally adopted.

The latest maps of British East Africa designate an arm of the great Victoria Nyanza as Ugogo Bay. The origin of the name was recently told by Sir Henry Stanley. When, twenty-seven years ago, he was making a chart of the lake shores, he came upon a spacious bay. Calling to a native on shore, he asked the name of the place. After repeated inquiries came a faint answer which sounded like "Ugo go way." An attempt of the interpreter met with the same response, and Stanley humorously accepted the answer to mark the spot. It continues in the maps as Ugogo.

England is being so rapidly despoiled of her art treasures by American capital that the curator of one of the famous collections sounds a note of warning. The man who owns a famous picture is in a certain sense a trustee for England, he declares; before he sells the canvas to an American millionaire he should offer it to the British nation, or to a local museum, or to "a collector permanently domiciled in England." Yet consideration for the "rights" of Continental nations does not seem to have withheld Englishmen from acquiring the very works of Titian, Raphael, Velasquez, Van Dyke and

other masters that are at the bottom of the present pother; and if the argument of locality applies in the one instance, it should apply in the others. The logical truth, however, is that a great work of art belongs to the world. So long as it is properly taken care of and is made accessible to persons who wish to study it, the place where it is kept is only a detail. Moreover, it is as easy for an Englishman to come over here to see it as it is for an American to go to England for the same purpose.

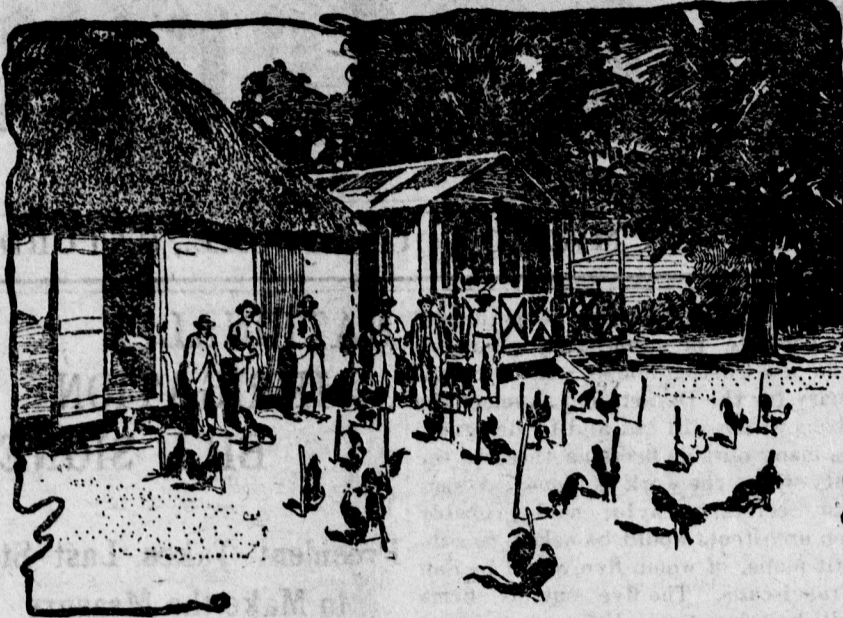
A scientific writer in American Medicine pays a glowing tribute to the hairpin. He finds that it is of almost inestimable value to the surgeon, who can use it "to pin bandages, to remove foreign bodies from any natural passage, as a curette for scraping away soft material, to compress a blood vessel in controlling a hemorrhage, and to close a wound." In addition to these uses, the gentleman has used the hairpin to probe wounds and to wire bones together in cases of fracture. But it is not in surgery only that the hairpin is useful. It may take the place of a suspender button or help out when an automobile breaks down. Perhaps if the truth were known many a locomotive has been held together, at a pinch, by a hairpin, and we are not surprised that the writer for American Medicine suggests that it would always be well for man to carry a supply of hairpins in his pocket. Such a practice would undoubtedly have important advantages, but there is a better and more pleasant plan. If it could be so arranged that a man might always have at least one companionable lady near him the highest usefulness of the hairpin might be developed. Men are, after all, but bunglers when they endeavor to use this delicate instrument. For the best results from the hairpin, therefore, it is cheerfully recommended that the lady be taken along.

More than usual interest has lately been directed to the matter of pure food. The action of Germany in excluding foreign meats on which boric acid has been used is economically important because of the large quantity of meats which the United States now ships to that country. These, the American packers say, must be treated with a small quantity of boric acid, or else be much more heavily salted. The amount of boric acid used is said by American chemists to be harmless, and eminent German chemists have expressed the same opinion. To the German government, however, it makes a difference whose ox is treated with boric acid. The government prohibits the use of this preservative in food prepared for home consumption, yet permits it in potted meats put up for export, on the theory, apparently, that it is dangerous to the German stomach, but safe enough for foreigners. France takes a similar view in regard to vegetables, permitting the export without restriction of canned vegetables colored green by the use of copper, but forbidding their sale at home except when the fact of the use of copper and the quantity of it are stated on the label. The action of Germany has naturally set the authorities at Washington to thinking about measures of self-protection. The United States is now the only civilized nation without adequate pure food laws, and has therefore become the dumping-ground for misbranded and adulterated articles. The Secretary of Agriculture has authority to forbid the importation of articles of food which are injurious to health, but he has hitherto hesitated to set up dogmatic standards upon points open to controversy. It seems simple enough, however, to decline to receive from other countries the things which they will not let their own people eat.

Involuntary Stage Humor.
Robert Edson, the actor, tells this story of the stage: "I've seen and heard a good many funny things in the way of plays and play actors in my time, but the greatest thing I ever saw or heard was in Milwaukee. This was several months ago. It was in one of the museums there. The museum had a stock company in its theater, and its great specialty was border drama. Every week they gave a new drama of the wild and woolly West. This play that I saw was a blood-curdler of that character, and at the time I dropped in at the theater the stage was pitch dark and two men were fighting a duel. I could hear the knives clash together and hear the men stumble around the stage, but I could only faintly distinguish the forms of the actors. After a while there was a thump on the floor, and the villain (I knew it was the villain by his accent) hissed: 'Ah, ha! Rudolph Tegherington, I have you now and no one else to see me do the deed!' Then the drummer hit the bass drum a belt and the calcium man turned on the light, and away up on a rocky pass a woman (the heroine) was seen standing. 'Coward!' she shouted; 'me and heaven is here!'"

"L'Etat, C'est Mol."
Doubtless the late Li Hung Chang had heard of the famous saying, quoted above, imputed to Louis XIV., "I am the State." The French king probably never uttered the sentence. But General James H. Wilson attributes to Li a sentiment quite as devoid of humility. The story is told in the New York Sun. In the negotiations carried on with the representatives of the foreign powers while the Chinese court was in flight, a Western representative asked: "Who is the Chinese government?" "I am the Chinese government," the statesman replied. "Where are your credentials?" "I am the Chinese government," repeated Li, "and my character is my credentials."

PORTO RICAN COCK FIGHT CORRAL.



Within a few months, thanks to the humane sentiment of Americans, a most necessary reform will probably be well under way in Porto Rico. Cruelty to animals will henceforth be a crime. The Porto Rican is essentially cruel. Consideration for animals seems to be beyond his comprehension. Horses and cattle there get little food and many blows. The only interference with the brutality everywhere apparent is by Americans as individuals. Chickens are tied together, sometimes in bunches of from eight to a dozen,

and are hurled in a promiscuous heap on the sidewalk, or carried suffering for hours. To see a dog hurt is a pleasure to the average Porto Rican, and when a tired horse falls and is clubbed, the native spectator always guffaws. The most shocking sport of all, however, and one which the Hartzell bill is intended to abolish, is cockfighting. Every Sunday, within a short distance of San Juan, this form of recreation attracts a crowd of natives and a sprinkling of Americans to Catano, Bayamon, Santurce or Riego Piedras.

FORTUNE FOR A HUSBAND.

Wealthy Filipino Father Offers \$500,000 for a Son-in-Law.

While the commercial advantages of the Philippine Islands are being considered from practically every standpoint by persons interested in one way or another in the development of the Eastern possessions, one phase of the situation seems to have been overlooked. This has to do with matrimony. There are great opportunities in the Philippines for men looking for wives. The opportunities do not apply so directly to the wives themselves as to the special inducements accompanying them, but the combination is sufficiently alluring to tempt most any man who is not particularly averse to taking unto himself a Filipino bride with \$500,000 or so thrown in as an evidence of good will and full consent on the part of the young woman's family. Just now rich natives of the islands



THE \$500,000 PRIZE BELLE.

are looking for eligible husbands for their daughters, and to be an eligible bridegroom must, in the first place, be an American, and, secondly, he must have a soldier's uniform, with a few stripes added to show that he has risen above the rank and file of the army. Such a man is rated high in the Philippines. He can, as a matter of fact, come close to naming his own price when the question of matrimony is brought up. Half a million dollars is no uncommon figure for a husband in the Philippines, and, strange as it may seem, such offers have been posted without causing an army officer to so much as polish the buttons on his uniform. The Filipino maidens do not seem to awaken that sentimental something called love in the hearts of United States army officers, and it is also apparent that native gold with a wife attached doesn't look good to them.

Army men returned from the Philippines are authority for the statement that there are plenty of chances in the islands for an officer who wants a Filipino girl for a wife. Only recently Gen. Ozario of Cavite, one of the richest natives in the islands, made a surprisingly generous offer to any pair of army officers who would take his two daughters off his hands. He announced that he would bestow a dowry of \$500,000 on each of the young women if they would find officers for husbands. But the girls are still single, and the surprising part of the incident is that Gen. Ozario was in position to deliver the goods. He has both daughters and money, and it would do his old heart a million dollars' worth of good to secure two stalwart American soldiers for sons-in-law, but they refuse to even nibble at the golden bait.

Other wealthy Filipino parents make similar offers with exactly the same results. While it is true that several white men have married Filipino girls, the custom has not spread to officers of the regular army, and only one volunteer officer has done so. Gen. Ozario's offer was restricted to commissioned officers, but others are not so particular. Still, the number of takers is comparatively small, and Filipino belles really go a-begging among Uncle Sam's soldiers of rank.

Few men are capable of answering the arguments of a pretty woman.

A FLOATING POSTOFFICE.

Handling of Mails for Vessels on the Detroit River.

A small yacht-like white steamer dances over the swells of the Detroit River to meet and exchange messages and salutes with every one of the passing ships—a little midget servant to this enormous commerce. Without this tiny steamer the lake commerce would be as helpless as we of the cities and towns ashore would be without the postman and the postoffice.

The tremendous advance in shipping facilities on the Great Lakes in recent years has been due to tireless American enterprise, fostered by generous appropriations by the government in aids to navigation; so when the need of this little messenger presented itself, the Washington authorities were not slow in making the experiment leading to its adoption.

This method of handling United States mail is the only one of its kind in existence, and the idea of a floating postoffice that successfully delivers and receives mail to and from ships at full speed is only another illustration of the wonders and far-reaching benefits of our wide-awake postal system.

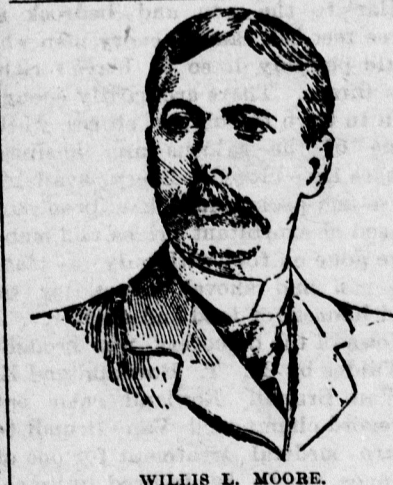
The books of the United States Treasury Department in Washington now contain the names of nearly 4,000 ships that constitute the Great Lakes marine. The fresh-water sailors to whom this fleet is entrusted would, in numbers, make the population of a large city. They are, therefore, fairly entitled to some means of communication with their homes and families in the States bordering the lakes, and with friends far away, and the little white steamer performs this service as perfectly as can be desired.

Before the establishment of this delivery it was difficult to send letters to any one aboard ship, although Niagara's wall confined the movement of vessels to the Great Lakes, and their voyages back and forth were past the shores of eight States, with a population of 26,000,000, and their ports of call included six cities of over 100,000 population each. This may seem strange, but it is easily explained by the fact that the greater number of lake steamers "run wild."

MOORE AN INVENTOR.

Weather Bureau Man Has a Machine for Keeping Houses Cool.

Willis L. Moore, who has invented a gravity air-cooling machine, by which houses are to be kept at a 70 degree temperature in hot weather, has had a career of such great success in the field of weather prediction that it is only natural to presume that his small ex-



WILLIS L. MOORE.

cursion into the field of weather control will be equally successful. It was in Chicago that his great talents first attracted notice. It was solely because of his merit that when in 1893 a vacancy occurred in the position of chief of the United States weather bureau he was chosen to fill it. He was born in 1856 and has been in the weather service of the government ever since he was 21.

Protected Neighborhood.

First Tramp—Have any luck around here?

Second Tramp—Awful luck! Half do folks keep dogs an' de udder half keeps woodpiles.—Judge.

Every elderly man can recall when he was first seriously referred to as "old man."

TRAPPERS' KNELL SOUNDED.

Fur-Bearing Animals Will Probably Be "Farmed" in the Future.

The trapper's life is not all beer and skittles, not one long round of pleasure and success. Every pelt that comes to his hand is procured only after a vast amount of work—work that would make the ordinary laborer shudder. And yet when the fashionable woman selects a garment that suits her fastidious taste, out of the many that are shown her, how little does she realize what that fur may have meant to the man who got it, the man who braved the bitter cold that he might contribute a few pelts to the great marts of the world, and get in exchange a bare livelihood!

But perhaps, after all, the trapper is a man to be envied, especially so if his country is one rich in fur-bearing animals, for then he can make a good living, and, greatest of all luxuries, be his own master. The lives of trappers in different parts of the country are probably very much alike, varying chiefly with the climatic conditions. In Florida, for example, the life is seen in its easiest form—mild climate and abundance of food animals—furs, too, are plentiful, but owing to their thinness they are of much less value than those from the northern countries.

In Canada the furs are thicker and better, but the difficulties are increased because of the climate. The winters are long and snowbound. There are days together of raging storm. Not only must the trapper know the weather, but he must be prepared to meet it with fortitude, wherever he may be. The country itself is immense in geographical area. The trapper must be self-reliant and know what to do in an emergency. Like the animals he hunts, his native wits become acute.

With the increasing demand for furs and the extravagant demand of fashion which requires that fur garments be of different shape and style each year, the fur-bearing animals in their wild state are becoming scarcer year by year, so it is safe to conjecture that fur farms will in the future supply the markets and the trapper will be a man of the past. Those who come after us, says "Country Life in America," will read of his life, and it will be like a fairy tale. As the large Indian birch-bark canoe laden to the gunwale with furs is passing down the quick-flowing rivers of time and civilization, so will the picturesque trapper slowly but surely fade out of existence.

THE PAPER TOP.



Who can make a top that will set itself in motion? Nobody? We will show you how it is done. Take a cork, a sewing needle and a square piece of writing paper. Place the cork on the table and fasten the needle in it, point up, find the center of the piece of paper by drawing the diagonal lines, and balance it on the needle after bending two opposite corners of the paper, one upward, the other down. Now we are ready for the trick. Hold your hand close to the paper as shown in figure. Before long the paper will set itself in motion, and will stop as soon as you remove your hand. This simple mechanical effect is produced by the warmth of the hand catching the corner of the paper that we have bent downward, which sets the paper top in motion.

A Sidewalk Conversation.

"From which State does the new Pension Commissioner hail?"

"Ware?"
"Yes, where?"
"That's right."
"What's right?"
"Ware."
"Confound it; I said where."
"I know you said Ware."
"Well, where?"
"Sing it if you want to. I told you Ware."

"You didn't tell me where."
"Well, you knew Ware, you idiot!"
"Knew where?"
"Yes, you knew Ware."
"You're no gentleman!"
"You're a pig-headed dolt!"
And they hastily part in a towering rage.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Appropriately Pleased.

"Our amateur minstrel show will be great. We've got two professional end men."

"You don't say? Who are they?"
"One's a phrenologist and the other's a chiropodist."

"Indeed? Now, all you need is a belt manufacturer for middleman!"—Philadelphia Press.

Extremely Spare.

Subbubs (on a visit to Citiman)—I thought you said you had a spare room in your flat?

Citiman—This is it.

Subbubs—What! this closet? Why, this is barely four feet square.

Citiman—Well, what could be more spare than that?—Philadelphia Press.

When a child goes over to the neighbor's to eat, it soon learns that it can get permission to go often if it brings back accounts of all that was served.

A man without ambition is like a pan of dough without any yeast to raise it.

GETTING AT A WITNESS.

Lawyer's Methods of Extracting Information from Witnesses Differ.

Among the innumerable traditions and stories that cluster around the old Parliament House in Edinburgh, there is one of Jeffrey and Cockburn that shows in an amusing manner their individual ways of drawing out a witness. The two were engaged upon a case where the mental caliber of one of the parties had to be ascertained, and an old countryman was put upon the witness stand. Miss Lansdale cites the anecdote in her recent work, "Scotland, Historic and Romantic."

Jeffrey began: "Is the defendant in your opinion perfectly sane?"

The man gazed at him in bewilderment, and made no reply.

"Do you think the defendant capable of managing his own affairs?"

Still greater bewilderment on the part of the witness.

"I ask you," said Jeffrey, speaking with great particularity, "do you consider the man perfectly rational?"

The man glowered with amazement, scratched his head, and remained speechless.

"Let me tackle him," said Cockburn, then adopting his broadest Scotch.

"Hae ye your mull wi' ye?" said he.

"Ou, ay," answered the witness, and reached up his snuff-box.

"Noo, hoo lang hae ye kent John Sampson?" asked Cockburn, gracefully taking a pinch.

"Ever since he was that height," came the answer, readily enough.

"An' dae ye think noo, atween you and me," said the advocate insinuatingly, "that there's anything intill the creature?"

"I wad na lippen (trust) him wi' a calf," was the instant and satisfying rejoinder.

TO PUT AN EGG IN A BOTTLE.



Take a hard-boiled egg and a common water bottle. Shell the egg. Light a piece of paper and throw it burning into the water bottle. What will happen? The air in the bottle expands from the effect of the heat and partially escapes, leaving after a short while only a very little thin and hot air in the bottle. Now place the egg on the mouth of the bottle like a cork without pressing it in. The air in the bottle will, as soon as the paper is burned and the heat decreases, cool off and become dense, while the egg, following the atmospheric pressure, will slip into the neck of the bottle, and finally fall to the bottom with a loud report.

WOMAN'S LONG TRAMP.

One Hundred Miles on Snowshoes in a Zero Temperature.

One hundred miles on snowshoes, in a temperature dancing around zero, sleeping beneath a fir tree at nights, cooking under difficulties and at last arriving in Vancouver hale and hearty. Such is the record of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Reid, of Telegraph Creek.

Mr. Reid conducts a hotel at Telegraph Creek and some time ago decided to make the journey to Vancouver for the purpose of purchasing goods, and thought also of paying a visit to his old home in Smith's Falls, Ont. The distance between the creek and Fort Wrangel is about 100 miles, and Mr. Reid intended to make the journey alone. However, his wife pleaded with him to allow her to accompany him, she being firm in her belief that the tramp was none too long for to undertake.

For several weeks previous to the commencement of the journey Mrs. Reid took long tramps, in preparation for the one-hundred-mile journey, so when the time arrived for her and her husband to start she was in splendid form for the trying ordeal.

Mrs. Reid is about 25 years of age and a fine, athletic-looking woman. The distance was covered in five days. At the end of the first day Mrs. Reid felt somewhat fatigued, as she and her husband had cut a merry clip. Both carried immense blankets, and when night came, after cooking their evening meal, they rolled themselves up in their blankets and slept like tops until the morning.

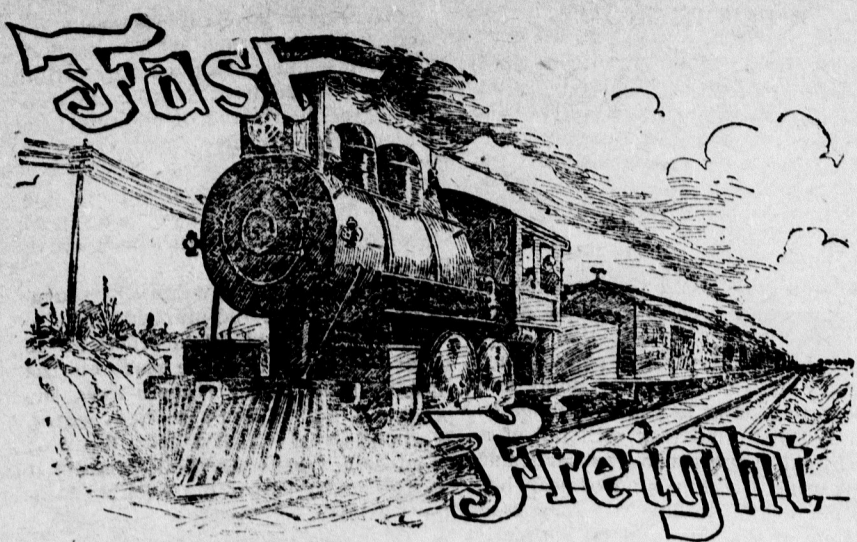
Mrs. Reid said she never felt better in her life and would think nothing of making the trip again.

When Mr. and Mrs. Reid arrived at Wrangel they took passage on one of the coasting steamers for Vancouver.—Vancouver World.

A Phenomenon of Sleep.

A physician mentions the case of a man who could be made to dream of any subject by whispering about it into his ear while he slept, and it is a familiar fact that persons who talk in their sleep will frequently answer questions if spoken to softly.

Your troubles originate from talking too much, carelessness, acting hastily, and lack of sense.



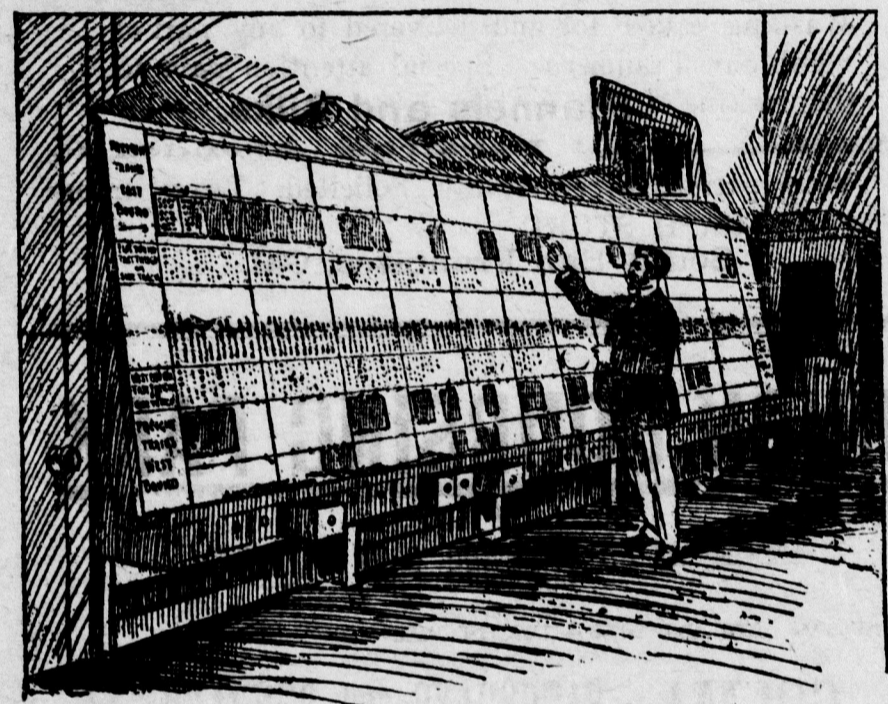
THE car service department of a big railway can at almost a moment's notice tell a shipper of fast, or what the railway people call manifest, freight, just where any particular car is on the line. The system which makes this possible is one which is only in use on about four roads in America, and was introduced on the line of the Grand Trunk by M. C. Sturtevant, who previously operated the system on the Illinois Central under the supervision of the inventor, John M. Daly.

Mr. Sturtevant, in explaining it to a newspaper writer, said that to his mind it was what might be called a graphic system, for the reason that the operator had before his eyes at all times the exact position of every car of fast freight on the line.

To get an idea of this system it will be necessary to refer to the accompanying illustration. It will be seen from this that a large board representing the line between Chicago and Portland is one of the principal adjuncts. This board or chart is divided up into sections showing the division points and the principal stations between these points. It is on this board that the po-

their own numbers. Upon receipt of this report small wooden pegs bearing the station cipher, numbered to correspond with the manifest numbers reported, are placed in a block which is known as a train block and represents the consist of the moving train. There is also placed in this block a peg representing the destination station of the train. This block is then hung on the board, its position being determined by the train district on which it is located and the direction of its movement. If east bound the block will be hung on the upper part of the board, and if west bound on the lower part.

By a System of Pegs.
As the train proceeds each district terminal point wires a report to the car service agent at Montreal showing the time of arrival and the time of departure. The train block is then moved along to the next district. In telegraphing this information to headquarters the lowest and highest manifest numbers are sent, and thus the movement of twenty-five cars is obtained at no greater telegraphic expense than that of reporting only two cars. If a car is set out of a train between district



KEEPING TAB ON FAST FREIGHT TRAINS.

sition of every moving car or fast freight train is shown.

All Shown Upon a Tab Board.
The system is conducted by telegraphic reports, and consists of a special way bill, which accompanies each car of freight; a label which is placed on each car, and which tells switchmen and others that it is manifest freight, and that it must not be held back; a report for wiring the contents of the train and the manifest numbers of the cars; a report for wiring the arrival and departure of manifest cars at manifest stations; a report used by conductors for reporting disabled cars set out of trains short of their destination and a board twenty-four feet by five divided into train districts—stations being shown longitudinally in the center, wooden blocks representing trains, and wooden pegs representing cars.

All important stations are made manifest stations, and are assigned a letter or combination of letters, to designate them in telegraphing, and are also assigned a series of numbers to be placed on way bills for cars manifested. Some stations are assigned more numbers than others, according to the amount of fast freight originated. The lowest series of numbers assigned is 00, while the highest is Chicago with 800. When a station reaches its highest number the plan is to revert to number one again and start over.

The Manner Check Is Kept.
When a train of high class freight is assembled the agent fills out a separate manifest way bill for each car in the train, inserting the station letter or cipher and manifest number in the spaces provided for that purpose. This way bill is made out in two forms, one a car form which supersedes the ordinary tally slip, the other an envelope to be used in case the regular billing accompanied the freight. After way bills are made out, consecutively numbered and the cipher letter affixed, the agent fills out a report showing the consist of the train and wires the same to the car service agent in Montreal, in whose office is located the board and other paraphernalia employed in connection with operating of the system. This consist report shows the origin, number, contents and destination of all cars manifested, and in the margin at the left the manifest number of each car.

The use of manifest numbers to represent the cars in the train simplifies the operation of the system and admits of a telegraphic check being obtained on the movement of all high class freight for about one-eighth of the expense where the cars reported by

terminals on account of defects, the conductor is required to wire a report showing the point at which it is left and the reason why. When this occurs the peg representing the particular car is removed from the train block and placed on the board opposite the station at which it is set out. There it remains with the conductor's report until such time as it is lifted by another train. In case a conductor fails to make a report showing that he is running one car short of what he took over, the fact will make itself known when the train reaches the next terminal point and another conductor turns in his report. Then the wires are made hot to find out where the particular car is, and it does not take long to do it. In this way all delays are detected, and the car service agent knows exactly how his trains are running. As the reports are received showing the movements of the trains the information becomes a matter of record, the time being transcribed from the consist and district terminal reports to a register. When the train reaches its destination the time consumed is computed, the time on each district and at each terminal point being taken into account, and if the schedule time is not made the causes of the detention are noted.

Find Any Car on Short Notice.
In cases where the line has been interrupted on account of accident or other cause, the amount of business affected is at once apparent, the entire situation being observable at a glance. If in such cases it is necessary to make a detour in order to pass the point on the line where the trouble exists the check on the traffic is not relinquished, as a record is made of its delivery to the connection handling it in order to make the detour. Upon its return to the Grand Trunk line the record is re-established.

What are the advantages of this system over the old system is a question which naturally crops up in the mind of the uninitiated. A personal inspection does not take long to make this apparent. In the first place it is not so expensive, and instead of taking a month's time to get at the bottom of any trouble it can be accomplished in a few hours. Another advantage which the system has is that it lends itself to the making arrangements for the arrival of trains at a certain time, which is something that cannot be counted on under the old system. It has been found also that the system has done a great deal in keeping what is known as the dead freight on the move, as when the fast freights are

making schedule time the trainmasters on the different districts have a knowledge of just exactly what time they have for moving this class of freight. The following list will give an idea of what the railway company considers fast freight:

Agricultural implements, butter, canned goods, cheese, coffee, dressed beef, dressed poultry, dry goods, eggs, fresh fish, fruit, glucose, high explosives, leather goods, liquors, ale, beer, live stock (through shipments), machinery, merchandise, packing house products, paper, provisions, rubber goods, sugar, syrups, tobacco, tea, vegetables, hides, paint, tinware, vehicles, beans, pulp wood, chair stock and whiting.

The above articles may be manifested at any time without asking any questions, but for articles outside of this list a special order must be received from the car service office.

It would seem that the one great feature about this system is that the shipper does not have to watch his freight. The company does that for him.—Montreal Herald and Star.

DEAR TRAVELING IN CUBA.

It Is Comfortless, but a Change in Railroadings Is Near.

Cuba has 124 railways, with more than 2,000 miles of track for the lot, yet traveling in Cuba is not cheap. There are lines which charge passengers 12 cents a mile.

The average rate is about 7 cents for first-class passengers and 5 cents for second-class, and travel on some of the lines means many hours of miserable jolting over a wretched roadbed. Freight rates are as exorbitant as passenger rates. So detrimental is the railroad extortion to the welfare of the country, in fact, that a modification of rates by military order was talked of, but the legality of the step was doubtful.

The entire railroad system of the island is valued at \$70,000,000. But of the 124 lines only seventeen are public lines in the generally accepted sense.

The rest are private roads, built for the transportation of sugar cane to the grinding mills. It is a curious fact that five of the principal lines, representing nine-elevenths of the public roads, are controlled by British capitalists.

Cuba had a railroad forty-three miles long between Havana and Guines, which began to run only a few years after the first American line was opened, but the development of railroading under Spanish rule was on a very different scale. Some people might not call it development at all.

But all that has changed under American occupation. A new line now in process of construction by Sir William Van Horne and his associates of the Cuban Central Railway, connecting at Santa Clara with the line from Havana to Cienfuegos, will revolutionize the island's railroad system, open communication with Nipe, the best harbor on the whole Cuban coast line, and prepare for profitable cultivation an area estimated at 10,000,000 acres, or about one-third of the total area of the island.

Concerning Millionaires.

A writer who is himself a multimillionaire, says it will be a great mistake to shoot these gossamers-in of the yellow metal, for, as he says, they are the bees that make the most honey, and contribute most to the hive even after they have gorged themselves full. The remarkable fact is stated, that the masses of the people in any country are prosperous and comfortable just in proportion to the number of millionaires in that land.

In Russia, with its population little better than serfs, living at the point of starvation, upon the meanest possible fare, such as none of our people could or would endure, you do not find scarcely one millionaire excepting the Emperor and a few nobles who own the land. It is the same, to a great extent, in Germany. There are only about two millionaires in the whole German Empire. In France, where the people are better off than in Germany, you cannot count one-half dozen millionaires in the whole country. In the old home of our race, Britain, which is the richest country in all Europe—the richest country in the world save one, our own—there are more millionaires than in the whole of the rest of Europe, and its people are better off than in any other. In our land, the same thing holds true; we have more millionaires than all the rest of the world put together.

She Had "Sized" Him Up.

There is an institution in Duluth that employs about fifty people, and among others is a genial, jolly, good fellow, who long ago lost faith in hair restoratives, and is the possessor of a waist measurement of many inches.

An East End lady dropped into the store a day or two ago, accompanied by her pretty little 4-year-old daughter. The big man was somewhat attentive to the child, and when the lady had finished the business she had come to transact the little girl said, in a clear voice, as they left the office:

"Who is the man bigger 'round 'an our rain barrel, with the awful shiny head?"—Duluth News Tribune.

Profitable.

In the great glove houses of Brussels and France the cutters can earn even higher wages than the cutters of the most fashionable tailors of London and New York. So difficult is the art of cutting gloves that most of the principal cutters are known to the trade by name and by fame, and the peculiar knives which they use in the business are so highly prized that they are handed down from generation to generation as heirlooms.

Time Across Siberia.

The journey from Vladivostok to Irkutsk is now accomplished in fifteen days.

WHAT A VOLCANO IS.

ONE OF THE STRANGEST OF EARTH'S PHENOMENA.

Causes Which Lead to Great Seismic Disturbances that Have Proven a Menace to Life Since the Beginning of Time.

The recent appalling catastrophe in the Island of Martinique in which many thousands of lives were lost, owing to a volcanic eruption of Mount Pelée, naturally turns the minds of many to the consideration of these strange phenomena of nature which have been a menace to life since the beginning of time. To the geologist and scientist volcanic eruptions have long been a most interesting problem and a source of constant investigation. There is every evidence to prove that these eruptions extend back through ages and ages of the world's life. In all parts of the earth are found mountains and other land formations which are the result of long protracted eruptions of volcanoes.

Eminent authorities differ as to the exact cause of these eruptions, seemingly from the bowels of the earth. The generally accepted opinion, however, is that the metallic bases of the earth when brought into contact with the waters of the ocean react violently, generating a great amount of heat, causing steam and giving rise to the elements of the silicated minerals which make up the volcanic rocks and which are ejected from the opening in the earth's surface. The gaseous products or vapors arising from this internal commotion are of sufficient strength to rend the earth's crust, thus causing earthquakes and a way of escape for the solid and liquid materials which are belched from the earth's interior. Volcanic activity, though it is continuous, differs very much in degree at different times. Nearly all of the active volcanoes have times of relative repose, interrupted often at great intervals by periods of increased activity which terminate in a violent eruption. Thus it will be seen that oftentimes that which is called an extinct volcano is but a seething, roaring mass of burning lava below the surface which finally bursts forth and in many instances with appalling loss of life.

Whatever the remote cause of a volcanic eruption may have been it is difficult to believe that the immediate cause can be anything but a gigantic explosion of steam in the bowels of the earth. It is known that water penetrates to considerable depths in the earth, even in the middle of continents. This water goes as deep as the gradually increasing heat of the planet will permit it to do while retaining the liquid form. When, however, it encounters heat sufficient to liquefy solid bodies, it is changed into superheated steam—a thing whose resistless power defies the mightiest bonds, and even the rocky crust of the earth cannot withstand the explosive energy that is thus brought to bear upon it.

The question often arises as to why these explosions do not occur anywhere. Sometimes they do and then we have a new volcano. Ordinarily, however, the explosion occurs through the vent or throat of an already existing volcano, because the weakest points, or lines, in the earth's crust are the places where new fissures are likely to be formed, and along these lines of weakness the volcanoes stand like rows of safety valves or chimneys.

On the American continent modern volcanoes are limited to the Pacific slope, along which they may be traced almost continuously from Cape Horn to Alaska. Great numbers of volcanoes occur throughout the Andes Mountains, in South America. There some attain immense heights, such as Catopaxi, in Peru, which reaches an elevation of 19,500 feet above the level of the sea. The volcanoes of Central America and of Mexico are numerous and conspicuous. Throughout the Aleutian Islands, on the north, the belt of volcanoes in Western America is connected with those of Kamchatka, which, with those of Kuriles, in Japan and of the Philippines, form a chain of volcanic vents to the East Indian archipelago. Thus it will be seen that a complete circle of volcanoes surrounds the Pacific Ocean. This is a noticeable fact in the history of volcanoes—their general linear arrangement.

Volcanoes differ greatly among themselves, not only in dimensions, but in the degree of their activity, the quantity and quality of materials ejected from them, and the continuous or intermittent character of their action. For more than 2,000 years, for instance, the volcano Stromboli, in the Mediterranean, has been constantly discharging lava. Vesuvius, on the other hand, has lain dormant for ages prior to the beginning of the Christian era, when its discharges of lava and ashes buried the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

The many formations of land throughout the world which are the result of volcanic eruptions are entirely composed of lava. This material, which, during its exit from the mouth of the volcano resembles a molten mass, is but finely ground particles of rock. Its passage from the crater, or mouth of the volcano, is arrested by the cooling process of air. The gradual accumulation of these ejected materials form a succession of layers, resembling earth, which accounts for the conical shape of those volcanoes which arise from the surface of the sea. Volcanoes which are located in the mountains resemble others of their kind only at the top. The mineral

matter which is contained in the lava of a volcano is oftentimes of great value, as for instance, the copper-bearing stratum about Lake Superior, which bears evidence of having been discharged from an active volcano at some remote period.

ESSENCE OF GOOD TIMES OF OLD.

Elaborateness of Modern Functions Spoils the Fun.

"Did you ever think how complicated good times are nowadays?" asked one middle-aged man of another. "Remember what good times we used to have without any previous spread or ceremony? Well, those days were worth living in. When I watch my children trying to enjoy themselves it positively makes me tired. Everything is so studied, so elaborate, so mechanical. Take my daughter Grace for instance. She receives an invitation to an 'informal whist party.' What does she do? Does she act pleased and dance around as her mother would have done twenty-five years ago? No, indeed. 'Oh, bother! What shall I wear? If I go I've simply got to get a new gown,' is what she says, and for the next week she is breaking her neck to get the rig ready. The affair comes off and she comes home, and half the time she says she was bored to death. The fault isn't with her, for the next day a gang of her friends come in and by scraps of conversation which drift to my ears I know they were all bored. She is about the average type of girl, and, no use talking, she isn't having the fun her mother had. If she is invited to a really formal function it's enough to turn the whole house upside down. She doesn't get any real pleasure out of it at all, aside from the excitement, either. It's the same with my son John. But I won't go into details about John; only, when he even takes a girl to the theater his pocketbook looks as if an elephant had stepped on it afterward. There's violets and carriages, and a dozen other fool things, while if it's anything more pretentious than the theater—well, my check book suffers. Don't care about the money if the boy really had a good time, but he doesn't. It's all right to talk about this being the age of the young person, but it's not. We used to get up simple, impromptu little affairs, invite a congenial crowd and no tomfoolery about it. Even a picnic now is a state banquet in comparison with the good old larks we used to have. These poor, blase, modern youngsters may be pushing us old fellows to the wall a bit with their precocious cleverness, but, oh, my, they are missing a lot, just the same. Say, do you remember that little dance at—"

But at this point in the conversation the middle-aged man struck a reminiscent mood, so any more ideas which he happened to possess on the modern good time were left unsaid. But there is a lot in what he did say, now, isn't there?—Hartford Times.

THRASHED 115 BOYS.

The Herculean Labor of an Old-Time Virginia Schoolmaster.

A Connecticut schoolmaster thrashed forty-nine scholars in one day, and the Nutmeg State papers are bragging that he broke the record. He may have broken the modern record, but not that of the "better days of the republic." Just before the war between the States—the late Richard Anderson more than doubly overtopped the Connecticut man's performance. It was when he was classical assistant to William Dabney Stuart, whose schoolhouse was on the north side of Clay street, between 5th and 6th. Stuart was sick, and "Old Dick," as the assistant was affectionately called—for he was as fine a man as ever lived—was running things alone.

The boys, about 115 in number, indulged in a concerted and excessive outburst of hilarity and devilment, and Anderson vowed by the shades of some dozen or more Latin and Greek authors that if they repeated it he would wallop the whole party. We did repeat it, and Anderson, who had expected the repetition, and armed himself with a bundle of switches cut from the trees in the yard of the German Lutheran Church on 6th street, proceeded to keep his vow in fast and furious style.

The scholars ranged in age from 10 to 17 and 18 years, and not one escaped. It was a circus while it lasted, and the yowls and laughter evoked by the occasion might have been heard squares off. When the last of the boys had been dressed down Anderson was so exhausted that he had to turn in and fan him with Mitchell's atlases to prevent him from fainting.—Richmond Dispatch.

Another "Webber-Field" Joke.

Everybody who has been behind the scenes at Weber and Fields' knows that the game of checkers whittles away the time between acts for the principal performers. Fritz Williams took a turn with Joe Weber the other evening and lost six straight games. "I can't understand it," said Williams. "I never played more carefully—more scientifically, in fact, and yet you have swept me out of existence. It's just your Jew luck that did it."

"Which proves," responded Weber. "that Jew luck is better than Christian science."—New York Times.

Unnecessary Knowledge.

Aunt Sarah (a spinster)—Now, dear, you would only watch me closely you might learn how to crochet.

Little Bessie—Oh, I'm going to get married when I grow up!—Puck.

A Boy was Asked: "What Is a Lie?"

He gave this answer: "A lie is an abomination unto the Lord, and an ever present help in time of need."

How often "coolness" develops between friends.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



A MAN'S horizon depends on his heart. Success needs not to apologize for itself. It takes a very small fool to commit great folly. Christ would be considered a very poor critic to-day. The powers we use as toys are unfitted for use as tools.

Men come before measures. Narrow thoughts are never high. To despair of man is to doubt God. Death is the only escape from death. They only rule who scorn all ridicule. No wrong path can lead to a right end.

That cannot be right which is not rational. Spiritual forces cannot be set down in figures.

No man can become greater than his own heart. It is hard to forgive an ostentatious forgiveness.

God can only lead as long as we walk in the light. The self-satisfied man is pleased with a very little.

He multiplies his troubles who runs to meet them. Forbearance is sometimes nobler than forgiveness.

A father's love is the best part of a child's inheritance. The guides to darkness find their way to their own element.

A collection that is an extraction cannot be an offering. We do not defer to-day's punishment to to-morrow's promises.

A man has never failed utterly so long as he has friends left him. When a man denies God in his heart he will deny humanity in his life.

Wickedness is a plant that is most likely to die if we cease to water it. The righteousness of the poor is mightier than the riches of the wicked.

You cannot measure the size of a man's charity by his sighs over poverty. You cannot expect God to honor your drafts when you refuse Him your deposits.

The cloud that hides God is often but the smoke from the fires of passion in the heart. A sermon on our duty to God will not be accepted as a substitute for doing our duty to man.

The fool who buries his head in the dust has usually the impudence to declare that there can be nothing divine.

Chauncey Depew and the Tramp.

Here is a story concerning Chauncey Depew. It is too good to be original, but the Senator must be in it just as Lincoln was in all the stories of a past period. A tramp met the Senator and asked him in that easy, velvet-tongued way:

"Would you kindly assist a—" etc. Chauncey, of course, is an easy mark, and as he fanned himself after extracting the quarter, the tramp inquired:

"And who may I say was so kind hearted?"

"Oh, never mind. That's all right."

"But in after years, when I recall those whose tender hearts—"

"Never mind, my good fellow!"

"Then I cannot accept it, sir. I must let my friends know—"

"Well, tell 'em it was Grover Cleveland and let it go at that."

The tramp put the quarter back in his pocket leisurely, and shook his head.

"Now, my good fellow, said the Senator, 'may I ask your name?'"

"A gentleman in distress is loth to confess."

"Yes, but if I have your name I may be able to help you."

"No, my pride will not permit."

"But allow me to know whom I have had the pleasure of meeting in this happy way."

"Oh, well tell 'em it was Chauncey Depew, and let it go at that."

Chauncey fanned himself and let it go.

If You Have Rheumatism.

The latest computation of the number of distinctly rheumatic cures puts it at 1,437. It is one of the peculiarities of rheumatism that the cures prescribed for it are more numerous even than the varieties of the ailment itself.

A brief enumeration of remedies includes horsechestnuts, wintergreen tablets, electric rings, magnetic watch charms, red flannel bandages—white flannel is considered of no efficacy—goat's milk, calisaya, horse-hair poultices, raw onions carried in coat pockets, and ice cream soda. These are only a few of the best-known remedies, and do not include several which owe their fame to combinations of sundry ingredients.

In favor of many of the established whimsical rheumatism remedies it is to be said that they are usually palatable, can be bought cheaply, and are generally harmless. Rheumatism appears in so many forms, it afflicts so many persons, it is so readily connected with weather conditions, and the knowledge of its causes it so indefinite and on some points so much disputed that the provocation to give remedies for rheumatism is readily understood, though this fact does not moderate the general conviction of acute sufferers from rheumatism that the remedies so freely offered them constitute an aggravation of the disease.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1902.

LET'S WE FORGET.

On Friday next the patriotic people of San Mateo County will celebrate the birth of freedom on this continent at Halfmoon Bay. Let our people join heartily with all their neighbors in rekindling the slumbering fires of patriotism and in commemorating the grandest event in the civil and political history of mankind.

The Senate of the United States has once more disappointed the hopes of the people. The Panama fraud, with a forty millions bonus, has received the sanction of the American House of Lords. The remedy is distant, but will be reached sooner or later, and can only be reached by making the United States Senate elective by the people, the same as representatives in Congress are chosen. Meanwhile, the Isthmian Canal is in peril unless President Roosevelt saves the situation by strenuous action.

Sunset for June is fully up to the standard of that most excellent magazine. Among the articles of more than mere passing interest are "Wool Production of California," by Kate Thomas; "Sugar Beets at Oxnard," by Ellen H. Kndlein, illustrated from photographs; "Down the Sacramento in a Skiff," by Cloudsley Rutter, illustrated by photographs and drawings by the author; "After Trout on the Rogue," by Chas. G. Buck.

Edward J. Wickson continues in June Sunset the fascinating recital of the achievements of Luther Burbank in the floral and horticultural kingdom. Sunset is doing good work for California.

The Improvement Club talks of a carriage road to the Big Basin from Saratoga—23 miles; cost, \$50,000. Some one should rise and explain who this Club is and where they get their money to do such things. Moreover, this talk of making mountain roads at about \$2000 a mile has something wrong about it. In the East an ordinary pike can not be made for less than \$5000 a mile, and we have seen \$15,000 a mile expended on ordinary country roads before they were called very good.—Campbell Visitor.

It will be soon enough to talk about roads after the Big Basin land has been bought and paid for. When these roads are built they will be built for the benefit, primarily, of pleasure seekers. To this we do not object when the time comes to build. Meantime, the Improvement Clubs better work for better roads nearer home. For roads used every day by everybody.

The engineer that made the Mt. Hamilton road put three columns in the Mercury about the Big Basin road from San Jose via Saratoga. His conclusion is that the County Surveyor with a salary of \$2400 a year; his first assistant \$1200 and second assistant with \$900, should be induced to make preliminary surveys in the mountains, after giving them chain carriers and brush choppers, because these salaried officials are engaged in public work only a small part of their time. For our part we don't see much use in this Big Basin road. There is a first-class road across the mountains via Los Gatos. But if anybody wants to build the Big Basin road there will be no objection. But Santa Clara county should not be led into such a costly and useless work by some unfledged poets. California is much afflicted with poets who are good only at abusing practical people and arrogating to themselves all the decency.—Campbell Visitor.

There's more truth than poetry in the above article for a fact, and it is time some one put the brakes on this Big Basin road business.

The publishers of this paper personally do not care if all the people of Campbell get on bicycles and ride on the sidewalk out to the High School and from every day all day and every night all night. But there are some people who would not send to that school with bicycles running full speed on the sidewalks, as they do; and strangers visiting here are surprised and disgusted at the nuisance, especially when they learn that it is against the law. For an example, an old man or woman may be about to purchase a property for a home; but if they find they can't come to the Postoffice, or to church, or to prayer meeting, three squares away, without being ordered off the walk or knocked off it with a bicycle, he or she will go elsewhere. They will do it, and you can depend on it. There are millions of people who do not ride bicycles, and they abhor them as nuisances that deform the figure of the rider and deface the landscape

with such grotesque, slopping outlines, and motions as belong to neither man nor bird, animal or fish. But they will tolerate them if they do not crowd the footway with discomfort and danger. As to the bicycle, in general, it may do for the youth, and we have seen some young ladies ride quite gracefully, and it may be of use to some messengers and newspaper carriers; but it can be proven that more elderly men fall dead of heart failure off the bicycle than are killed by runaway horses, by railroad accidents and by falls on ice, downstairs or from fruit trees. We can name ten to twelve ministers of the gospel who have ridden themselves to death on a bicycle. A man cannot study or think on a bicycle; he cannot take comfortable views of the landscape; he cannot carry anything; the bicycle is a costly thing; if you take a pencil and count up you'll see that a horse is cheaper.

Finally, let each one do as he please about the use of one, but let the old-fashioned pedestrian have his sidewalk.—Campbell Visitor.

LAND AND WATER VALUES IN CALIFORNIA.

The State of California is particularly alive to the value latent in its running streams. This is largely due to the object lesson presented in the remarkable increase in land values and productive capacity of sections where the water supply has been intelligently utilized. Several thousand dollars were raised by private subscription for a thorough investigation of the supply to be obtained from certain watersheds in the State, and the subscribing organizations made application to the hydrographic branch of the United States Geological Survey for careful measurements of flow and other investigations relative to the existing conditions of forestry and topography upon three typical watersheds. As a result of these studies, conducted by J. B. Lippincott, hydrographer of the Geological Survey in California, it was found possible to obtain an annual output of nearly 50,000 acre-feet of water, or enough to cover annually an area of that extent to a depth of one foot, the estimated cost of installed capacity being about \$5 per acre-foot. The water would be obtained from storage reservoirs and from pumping plants to be operated electrically by power generated by the neighboring streams. It is believed that the addition to the resources of the State of this amount of water for irrigation purposes would be sufficient to support an additional 100,000 people, and would add in farm values fully \$20,000,000 to the taxable property of the State, irrespective of the increase in town and city property which would of necessity follow.

He Ran.
Sol Smith Russell had three young nieces living in the west, of whom he was very fond. On one occasion, so the story goes, he took the youngest of them for a walk and bought her some candy on the agreement that it was not to be eaten until they reached her home. They started, but before they had gone far the little girl proposed, "Let's wun!" Her uncle declined, and there was long pleading, all to no purpose. Finally the little girl stopped, knelt down on the pavement and offered up the petition, "Dod, please make Uncle Sol wun."

"It was simply a question of my losing my dignity or her losing her faith in God," said Mr. Russell in relating the incident, "so we ran as fast as we could for home."

Sounds of Words.
A negro boy was in the habit of giving his name as "Nedcudinezza Belt-likedishazza Sham Ham Jafac Maxwell Brown," mispronouncing nearly every word.

The sound of words has a great attraction for the negro, and he uses them regardless of their meaning.

A negro woman was with difficulty prevented from naming her child "Crucifix," the sound of the word attracting her.

A negro preacher in a sermon declared emphatically:

"I comes not to contaminate any other sect"—repeated still more emphatically—"I comes not to contaminate any other sect; I comes to exonerate your minds."—Independent.

Business and Policy.
"And now, my son," said the father, "as you are about to go into business for yourself, it is well for you to remember that honesty is the best policy."

"Yes, father," said the noble young man.

"That honesty is the best policy, and," continued the old man, "if you will study up the laws you will be surprised to find how many things you can do in a business way and still be honest."

"Dogwood Winter."
A man from North Carolina who was visiting in Philadelphia in the course of conversation used the expression "dogwood winter."

"What do you mean by dogwood winter?" asked his host.

"Don't you really know what dogwood winter is?" demanded the man from Hickory, N. C. "There is always a spell of it in May when the dogwood tree is in bloom. For several days there is cold, disagreeable, cloudy weather and often a touch of frost. Down our way it never falls, and we call it dogwood winter. I thought the phrase was general."

How Egyptians Used to Shave.
It is believed that there even was a time when every orthodox Egyptian ran the shaving tool over his face, scalp and eyebrows at least once in every forty-eight hours. Unlike the Romans of a later age, the Egyptians did not confine the privilege of shaving to free citizens, but obliged their slaves to shave both face and head.

Wealth doesn't always bring happiness, but it can generally furnish a pretty good imitation.—Somerville Journal.

GREEN MUCH IN VOGUE

REALLY THE POPULAR COLOR OF THE SEASON.

Touches of It Appear on Almost Every Garment When It Will Not Conflict with Other Colors—Red Is Also Much Worn.

New York correspondence:



UCH green is being worn, and summer hardly will be well started before it will be apparent that green is the season's most fashionable color. Emerald is the leading shade, a pale green following close behind, but any shade, if rightly used, will show that the wearer is in touch with this fashion. Green wings on pretty white hats, green sashes with white gowns, green silk slips to wear under them, green stitching on both black and white gowns, and touches of the color wherever it harmonizes with the color of the dress goods are some of green's uses. Green predominates in many em-

season. The first two dresses of the next illustration were brand new two-piece models. The first was chalk colored broadcloth finished with white moire. The other was cloud gray tulle, with finish of white moire, which was embroidered in green for the cuffs.



STYLISH TRICKS WITH TAILORING AND WITH INSERTION.

broderies, too. Very pretty white gowns in muslins, dimities and mulls are made over green silk foundations, and are trimmed with ecru or linen colored lace and insertion.

Blues abound, practically all shades being worn, though the only ones that have stylish distinction are wedgewood and metallic. These are used rather freely for fancy tailor gowns, wherein they are at their best. A gown of voile in this shade was sketched for to-day's initial. It was made over bright green silk, and was finished with cream lace applique, white silk and fine black braid. Tailored two-piece suits are becoming a bit less elaborate, and striking novelties are much fewer than they were, perhaps because the field is becoming exhausted. Circular flounces piped with silk, linen or leather are still stylish and will remain in vogue all summer. The latest skirt is box-pleated all around, stitched down half way and finished with fine cording. Others are laid in deep side pleats stitch-



FOR FIELD AND PLAZA.

ed half way down where they fall away in fullness at the feet. While Spanish flounces are still used on very many gowns, there are attempts to find something new, preferably without the flounce, hence the pleated skirts. All are made without lining, having a silk drop skirt to match the color of the material or to contrast.

Light transparent cloths are used, as well as many heavy white materials. A few cloth gowns are trimmed with emerald green and crimson velvet ribbons, which give a stunning appearance. Medallions and applications of lace appear, but not as conspicuously as early in the

A PET ECONOMY.

Almost Every Man Maintains One. Small Though It May Be.

"Got a match about you?" asked the bookkeeper of the chief buyer.

"I never buy matches—never have and never will," said the bookkeeper. "It is my pet economy. Most every man has one."

And the bookkeeper was right. Nearly every man has a pet economy and will go to a great length to indulge it. At the Union club they still tell of a worthy old member who was particular about using a certain kind of soap, but was not willing to buy it. They used the soap at the club, and he appropriated the cakes as fast as he needed them. He needed so many that the steward changed the brand.

The same spirit of economy in small things makes other people stuff themselves with bread in order that no butter may be left on their plate and wasted. Hundreds of men would not dream of buying a lead pencil. To save buying stationery others write their letters at hotels which are generous in providing writing materials. Scores of men and women save pennies by picking up discarded newspapers in the elevated trains and ferryboats. And so it goes. It is not so much the actual money saved that moves people in these little schemes; rather an inborn desire to economize in something.

But to return to the bookkeeper, the buyer and the matches. The bookkeeper continued:

"You are stingy with your old matches. I'll just take a lot, and then I'll be independent of you."

Then he emptied out half the box.

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INTERESTING FOR THE HUSBAND.

A titled lady warned her new gardener that her husband had an irritating habit of disparaging everything he saw in the greenhouse and of ordering in a reckless manner new plants to be bought.

"But on no account humor him," she said. "Whatever he says, throw cold water on him, or he will ruin us with his extravagance."

At this point the new gardener turned on her a white and startled face.

"Ma'am," he said, "if he orders me to pitch every plant in the place on the rubbish heap, I shan't ever have the pluck to douse him in cold water. Won't it do as well if I get a drain of warm water out of the boiler and let it trickle gently down his neck?"—London Tit-Bits.

PRESENTING ARMS TO A CAT.

Some fifty years ago a very high English official died in a fortress at a place that is one of the centers of Brahmanic orthodoxy, and at the moment when the news of his death reached the sepoy guard at the main gate a black cat rushed out of it. The guard presented arms to the cat as a salute to the flying spirit of the powerful Englishman, and the coincidence took so firm a hold of the locality that up to a few years ago neither exportation or orders could prevent a Hindoo sentry at that gate from presenting arms to any cat that passed out at night.—Bombay Times.

FOR A MAN'S ONLY A MAN.

Mr. Bixby—There, I've let my cigar go out. Do you know, it spoils a cigar, no matter how good it is, if you allow it to go out?

Mrs. Bixby—Yes. A cigar is a good deal like a man in that respect.—Pittsburg Press.

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OLD-FASHIONED SONG.

I want my dear in snow day,
I want my dear in rain;
When spring is here, when, warm and gay,
The summer comes again.

I want my dear when I am glad
And buoyant life is strong;
I want my dear when I am sad
And sorrows come along.

I want my dear at day's break,
In the pale stealing light;
When fading stars see sun's awake,
When dews are cold and bright.

I want my dear to guide my hand,
To love me and to cheer;
To-day the hour is lagging, and
I want my dear.

—Lippincott's.

WHY SHE WAS DISCHARGED.

DOROTHY BENSON laid down her with a sigh of satisfaction. "There, that is too good for space-filling and ought to go into my new book, but—ho, hum! such bits make me valuable to the Town and Home, and it may mean a few dollars on my salary when the new man buys into the firm; I wonder who he is with all his dollars and a literary bee in his bonnet. If he will please not discharge me until I give mamma a summer in the country, I will be thankful. Ah, mamma and I do not fear poverty, for papa's losses were all honorable ones and his name was kept clean; I think the poor dear could not have died in peace if he had owed a penny. With that to keep us happy mummy will not miss her high teas and I"—here a little lump came in her throat—"I shall not miss being out of the 'set.'"

"They want the copy for the second form," said a voice at her elbow, and the musings of the pretty young assistant editor were cut short while she made numerous scrawls on the top of various manuscripts—such as "ten-point leaved," or "close up" and "cuts to follow," and the beguiled boy disappeared behind the great doors that shut the whirling machines from the commodious offices.

Miss Benson leaned back and closed her eyes for a moment, and as she did so the face of Jack Macomber rose in her vision, and she let herself dwell on the past.

She often dreamed of this face—sometimes it seemed happy and careless of her sufferings, but to-day she saw it grave and sad, and it was that last day when cruel words had separated them.

"I would own how sorry I am if I were not so poor and he so rich, but to speak now is to allow him to think poverty—but this was as far as she could think, for the tears were coming fast. "I'll go home now and see little mother and she will cheer me up; my article on 'Criminal Children' is so good I can sleep happy."

She went out into the spring afternoon and walked down the avenue. "The 15th of April—and only two years ago Jack and I went to M— on a little horseback party and he bought me a great bunch of violets and fastened them on the bride!" She bought a tiny bunch now and placed them in her coat—just for "auld lang syne."

As she climbed the stairs to her tiny apartments she felt that it was not well, and she was not surprised to find her mother quite ill, and all thoughts of self and her own heartache were banished.

It was a week before she was able to return to the office, the proof pages were sent each morning and she worked on them hurriedly, and that was why she woke one morning with a sudden start and the instant wide-awake conviction that there was an error in a statement in her last article. She felt a cold sweat break out upon her forehead as she thought of it, but she determined to go to the office at once and correct it.

When she came to her desk she found it covered with mail, which she put aside and went at once to the manager's room. She could hear the presses running at full speed and she knew at every pound that dreadful error was being run off.

She found a fresh sheet on her way and opened it, but to her astonishment the error had been corrected. She wondered who had discovered it, for the forms were electrotyped, and to change a word meant to chisel off the old and solder on the new—quite a delicate task.

She did not change her mind, however, but determined to "own up" and apologize for the error. "I hope the new owner has not heard of it, whoever he may be," she thought.

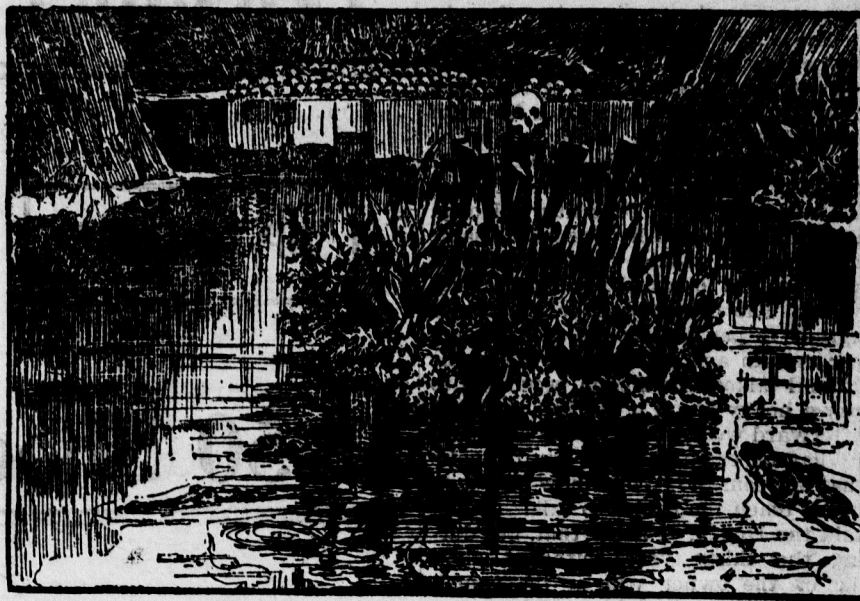
"Ah, yes, yes, a slight error," said the manager, "but don't take it to heart—Mr. Macomber saw it before the pages were electrotyped. You may think him—ah, Mr. Macomber, Jack, one moment, I want you to meet our assistant editor, Miss Benson." Jack's tall, athletic figure rose from behind a roll-top desk and a pair of loving eyes met a pair of frightened ones. Jack—a popular club man, downtown in business—and this very magazine—and her new employer! "Ah, I see you have met before," and the manager went back to his corner.

The pair looked at each other, stammering, confused, but very happy. In a moment all barriers were down.

"I am sorry your first duties were to correct my mistakes," she said, and her voice was low and as courteous as it should have been to an employer. There was a twinkle in her eyes now.

"It was a happy employment, and I hope to correct others—one, in fact, that

SCENE OF HIDEOUS ATROCITIES IN WEST AFRICA BROKEN UP.



Recently a British expedition in West Africa, known as the Aro heid force, broke up a fetish sacrificial resort that in its horrors has been unsurpassed by any of the hideous superstitions, accompanied by cruel butcheries, that afflict the benighted continent. The place (shown in the cut) is called the Long Ju-Ju, and is located at Aro-Chuku. It was used by the Aro chiefs to play on the superstitions of the Ibo and other races, who were lured to the grove and Ju-Ju spring to consult the mysterious being (or god) who was alleged to live there. The result, of course, was that the supplicants were either sold into slavery at Bende and at the Mist Aro slave markets, or, if old and unfit for slavery, or even too powerful chiefs, they were sacrificed. All sorts of stories are told of this mystery. Hundreds of people visited the place yearly and never returned. Some who never absolutely saw the grotto, being blindfolded, stood in the water by the cave, and heard mysterious voices talking all round them, while the catfish nibbled at their feet and splashed about in the pool. If they were to die the water was supposed to pour out of the source the color of blood. This was probably done by some rascally old priest inside the cavern. There is an entrance into the cavern at the back of the Ju-Ju, and there are to be seen the scaffold and sacrificial knife. The most loathsome thing about the place was the altar of skulls, the stack of captured arms surmounted by a skull, and the alligators and catfish, which were fed on the bodies of those sacrificed. Oloko, the stronghold of Warsu Tari, one of the most powerful of the chiefs, was destroyed by the British after a difficult march through hilly country.

has made me miserable for two long years."

Dorothy Benson made her retreat in a maze of complex thoughts. It was so sweet to see him—to hear his voice; but what should she do? She could not meet him thus every day and under such conditions!

She wondered what new purpose had filled his soul to bring him into business and why—but the office boy laid a letter on her desk as if in answer to her question. It was rapidly written:

Dearest—I found no other way to come into your life—forgive me—I thought I could see you every day and perhaps in time you would find enough good in me to make at least a friend, and I have no other purpose in life than to be worthy of that. But since I have looked into your eyes, I have dared to hope that it has all been a bitter mistake, and that you will let me say all that is in my heart. "Meet me at the noon hour" (doesn't that sound like a working man?) and we will go to a quiet little corner, my princess, and then I will tell you that you are discharged and that we must find a new assistant editor. With all my heart, I am YOUR JACK.

"Oh, I meant to be so brave and to take care of mummy, and now I shall end with being taken care of, just like any silly, dependent woman! But, ah, for Jack's sake I could do anything—even give up a career."

Jack was waiting for her at the door and they went down the avenue together. "I almost wonder we don't walk hand in hand," he said, for he was like a school boy in his happiness, and in mischief she looked up and said: "I had so hoped the new owner would raise my salary and—instead he has discharged me!"—Indianapolis Sun.

TESTS OF DISCIPLINE.

Obedience and Disobedience on the Part of Military Men.

No clear-cut absolute reply, no vade mecum for pocket use, can be furnished defining just when and how, in all cases, a man is justified in disobedience, nor even when he is justified by blind obedience; although the balance of professional judgment must always incline in favor of the latter alternative, writes Captain Alfred T. Mahan in the International Monthly.

When a doubt arises, as it frequently does, between strict compliance with an order and the disregard of it, in whole or in part, the officer is called upon to decide a question of professional conduct. Personal judgment necessarily enters as a factor, but only one of many; and, to be trusted, it needs to be judgment illuminated by professional knowledge and fortified by reflection. Short of that, it is not a safe counselor and has no claim to consideration if cited before a court of final appeal.

The officer at the moment should consider himself, as he in fact is, a judge deciding upon a case liable to be called up to a superior court, before which his conclusion has no claim to respect because it is his personal opinion, but only in so far as it is supported by the evidence before him. There is, of course, the necessary reservation that the final judgment upon himself for his professional conduct as involved in his decision, will be rendered upon the facts accessible to him, and not upon those not then to be known, though afterward apparent.

Unless qualified by these grave considerations, the phrase, "error of judgment," so facetiously used, is misleading to the popular understanding. Not only so, it is pregnant with serious consequences to the issues of war and to individuals influenced by it.

It is necessary to realize that some errors of judgment are inexcusable because inconsistent with recognized standards; and that disobedience of orders is on its face a fault, a disregard of a settled standard, of an established rule, of such general application

that upon the person who commits it rests the burden of proving that the circumstances commanded his action.

The presumption, in the case of disobedience, is not innocence, but guilt. Mere rule though it be, in its narrow construction and rigid framework the rule of implicit and entire obedience rests upon reasons so sound that its infringement in action can rarely be condoned, when not thoroughly approved.

Nothing can be more disastrous than to trifle with the corner-stone upon which rests the structure of coherent, unified action. The admission into the military mind of anything approaching irreverence for the spirit of military obedience, or levity as regards the letter of the rule in which it is embodied, is the begueter of confusion; and that in turn is the forerunner of defeat. To sit loose to this obligation weakens the sense of responsibility, upon the due realization of which rests not merely literal obedience, but intelligent and deserving disobedience, in the occasional circumstances which call for that.

The recognition of responsibility by the individual, the consciousness that serious regard to it is governing his determinations, is the best moral equipment that a man can have to enable him to sustain the burden of violating instructions, deliberately undertaken upon his own judgment. It is the mens conscia recti in a serious problem of action.

Useful Punishment.

The teacher of a district school in southern New Hampshire has a way of punishing the mischievous ones of her class which is at once severe and useful.

One young man who, as a little boy, was her pupil, says he daily has cause to bless her methods. When he made trouble in the class he was relegated to an uncomfortably high chair in one corner of the room, and set to learning what the teacher called the "advanced multiplication table." On his slate he painfully worked out the problems of "sixteen times nineteen," "fourteen times seventeen" and the multiplication of all numbers up to "twenty times twenty," committing the results to memory.

It was hard work, for arithmetic was, and still is, a weak point with him. But his memory was good, and as he spent much time in the uncomfortable chair, all the advance multiplication table was learned long before he left the district school.

To-day he occupies a situation in which rapid computation is often desirable, and as he carried out his old teacher's idea still further, it is no more of a task for him to find the answer to "twenty-nine times thirty-four" than to "three times six." The hardly learned multiplications once firmly fixed in his mind can never be dislodged, and "nine hundred and eighty-six" flashes into his head with the same certainty that accompanies "eighteen."—Youth's Companion.

The Origin of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Dr. Newman Hall, the evangelist, who died recently, tells in his autobiography of his visit to Harriet Beecher Stowe. At that time Mrs. Stowe was living at Hartford in a comfortable house built with the proceeds of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

We spent a long forenoon together, writes Dr. Hall, she finishing a drawing, I coloring a sketch. Mrs. Stowe told me how her tale of Uncle Tom originated. She was at a communion service when suddenly the death scene of the story was presented vividly to her mind. This was the germ of the whole. It was written first, and suggested the rest of that marvelous book.

Cabmen for Parliament.

Several cabmen are to be run as candidates at the forthcoming parliamentary elections in Belgium by the men's trade union at Brussels.

BLOOD-SOAKED CUBA.

ISLAND HAS AT LAST BECOME HER OWN MISTRESS.

History of the Island Is One of Continual Bloodshed—Liberty Achieved After a Struggle Lasting Four Centuries—A Prize Dearly Bought.

CUBA, after four centuries of almost continual struggle through starvation, misery, torture and death, has at last reached its cherished goal of liberty. With the casting off of the old fetters and the establishment of a democratic form of government, renewed hope and ambition have flooded the hearts of the Cubans, and if they promote their future advancement with the same degree of unflinching persistency that has marked their strife for freedom, the ultimate success of the island republic is assured.

Since the departure of Columbus, the history of Cuba has been one of incessant bloodshed. Her natives were of mild disposition, happy temperament and easily satisfied. They did not resent the coming of the Spaniards, but extended to them a hand of generous hospitality. The invaders abused this good feeling, however, and began at once an unparalleled system of oppression, which continued for centuries. Rapine, pillage, torture and butchery



TYPICAL SCENE IN CUBA'S INTERIOR.

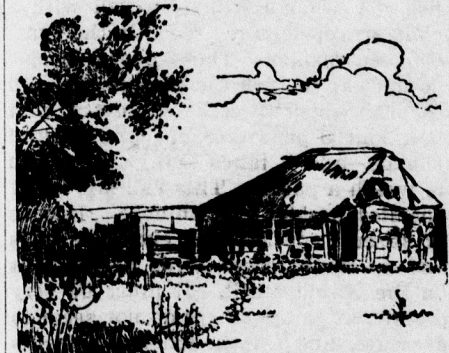
half a million lives through starvation alone.

VALUE OF BERMUDA ISLANDS.

They Occupy for England a Singularly Commanding Position.

Imperial England knows what she is about. Those islands (the Bermudas) besides being used as a garrison for her troops and a safe-land-locked harbor for her warships, are a link in the chain that connects her American provinces in Canada and Nova Scotia with her possessions in the West Indies. The Bermudas occupy for her, politically and commercially, a singularly commanding and an unrivaled position, says a correspondent of the New York Mail and Express.

Spain parted with Cuba because she was forced to, and she sold to the American nation the Philippine Islands for a mess of pottage. Denmark, following suit, for a few million kroner, made over to us her West India possessions. Catch England parting with the Bermudas! She would no more let them go than she would give up her great strongholds in the Mediterranean Sea, Malta and the inviolable, unyielding rock of Gibraltar. No power will ever wrest them from her—not one foot of ground—until she has lost every ship and her last drop of blood. No; instead of parting with any of her colonies her policy is to increase them. Nor will England permit emigration



CUBAN COUNTRY DWELLING.

fell upon the unfortunate islanders. The Cubans had only bows and arrows, pointed with fish bones, and clubs hardened by fire, with which to resist the Spanish hordes, armed with muskets and cannon. Their defense was inadequate, and an endless stream of their life-blood poured over the fertile land of their birth.

Before the attacks of their powerful antagonists they gradually faded away



STREET SCENE IN HAVANA.

and each day became less able to carry on the fight. Their lands were wrested from them and parceled out to the invaders; the captured natives being enslaved as tillers of the soil. Unused to hard labor in the fields, the captives weakened and died, until at the end of fifty years' persecution it is estimated that 500,000 of the original population had disappeared. All the horrors of Spanish rule in Italy and the Dutch countries were repeated in Cuba with increased zest and enlarged systems of oppression and cruelty. The aborigines being practically exterminated, the same cruel treatment was visited on the Spanish colonists themselves and upon the negroes who had been imported as slaves. In the course of 200 years the population was again reduced until only about 50,000 persons remained.

Practically prisoners of war, the Cubans had little knowledge of the outside world, except that gained from the pirates who continually plundered Cuba and the neighboring islands, making that region the headquarters of a vast fleet of buccaners that ravaged Cuban waters for two centuries. The pirates burned the towns and made desolate the coasts, but Spain would neither protect her colony nor allow the people to arm themselves in self-defense.

The Turning Point.

The capture of Havana by the English and their eleven months' rule was undoubtedly an important point in the life of Cuba. During the short period of English government the Cuban ports were opened to foreign trade, and for the first time the people realized the extent of their resources, and the mer-

to or an increase in the population of her garrison towns—Bermuda, Gibraltar and Malta. With some precautionary measures she will allow sightseers and tourists to enter Gibraltar, but strangers may not settle there permanently; nor may an alien own a foot of ground in the Bermudas. She wants only British subjects in these places, and even British subjects are not allowed to vote in Bermuda unless they own real estate there.

Doctor for a Milk Company.

The latest addition to the staff of a fully equipped London milk company is a doctor. He is specially employed to watch over the company's infant customers. What is one baby's milk is another baby's poison, and this company's doctor is there to prescribe how much and of what strength the daily tipples shall consist. No charge is made; the perplexed mother sends a postcard or calls the company up on the telephone, and round comes the doctor.

A Transatlantic Mail.

A trans-Atlantic steamer carrying what is called "a full mail" usually brings 200,000 letters and 300 sacks of newspapers for London, to say nothing of the 500 and odd sacks for other places.

Aged Criminal (who has just got a life sentence)—Oh, me lud, I shall never live to do it! Judge (sweetly)—Never mind. Do as much of it as you can!—Punch.

An ounce of keep-your-mouth-shut is often worth a pound of explanation.—Judge.

THE ROCHAMBEAU STATUE.



The memorial to Rochambeau, recently unveiled at Washington, stands in Lafayette square, and is close to the statue of Lafayette. It is of heroic size, and represents the French marshal at the siege of Yorktown, ordering the French wing of the American besieging army to attack the works erected by General Cornwallis. Against the pedestal is a figure of France holding aloft with one hand the French and American flags and with the other grasping a sword. The war eagle, typifying the defensive alliance between France and the American colonists, extends its wings at the feet of the figure. The statue is a copy of the Rochambeau memorial at Vendome, France, the town near which the Rochambeau estate is situated. The Vendome bronze was unveiled twelve years ago.

A GIANT TREE SECTION.

On exhibition at the American Museum of Natural History will soon be seen the largest section of a tree ever brought from a forest, which is considered the finest specimen of its kind in the world, says the Baltimore American.

The fast passing away of the giant redwood trees—due to the ax of the commercial lumbermen—those majestic relics of the forest primeval and the great ice age, is rapidly going on, and it will only be a question of time when all save those standing in the government and State reservation groves will be destroyed.

This huge block of redwood, now skillfully polished, forms a striking big tree exhibit, whose like cannot be seen outside of a visit to southern California. An idea of its gigantic proportions is vividly shown in the illustration by the six-foot man standing at the base, whose figure reaches only a third of its height. The diameter is more than 18 feet and the circumference is 56, and it is surrounded by a fringe of cinnamon colored bark a foot deep in some places.

The tree began to grow 550 A. D., and was 13 feet in diameter when Columbus reached our shores, and when cut down it was 1,340 years old. Some of the trees in the same vicinity are said to be from 5,000 to 8,000 years old.



SECTION OF A TREE.

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Companions in Courtesy.

Warm was the Irish heart and winning the way of the late Lord Dufferin. Shortly before he left Canada, and while he was in residence at Rideau Hall, he was walking one windy day when he came upon an old Irish laborer who was mending the roadway.

As was his wont, the governor general stopped to have a chat, and the old laborer stood bare-headed, the wind blowing his thin, white hair roughly about.

"Put on your hat," said Lord Dufferin. "Not before your excellency," replied the old man.

"Then," said his lordship, taking off his own hat, "if you will expose your gray hairs to this wind out of deference for my position, I must expose mine to it out of respect for your gray hairs."

Prospects.

Rich Old Aunt—Robert, I'm going to make my will. I think I shall leave you—(pause).

Attentive Nephew (eagerly)—Yes, aunt.

Aunt—Before long.—London Punch.

London's Motor Omnibus.

A motor omnibus may now be seen playing in London streets. The vehicle is run as an experiment by the Road Car Company between Hammersmith Broadway and Oxford Circus.

Olive Oil in Andalusia.

The olive oil product of the year in Andalusia amounts to about 8,500,000 pounds.

General Debility

Day in and out there is that feeling of weakness that makes a burden of itself. Food does not strengthen. Sleep does not refresh. It is hard to do, hard to bear, what should be easy, vitality is on the ebb, and the whole system suffers. For this condition take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It vitalizes the blood, gives vigor and tone to all the organs and functions, and is positively unequalled for all run-down or debilitated conditions.

Hood's Pills cure constipation. 25 cents.

You will be happier if you stop picking out the bad points in people. Don't be easily victimized, but try to rid your mind of unpleasant things.

A Perfect Cathartic.

Not violently emptying the bowels or cleaning, but gently stimulating, toning, strengthening the intestinal walls—Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c, 25c, 50c.

Gossip—personal mention by other people.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAUNDERS, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

We often congratulate success when it has come only by dishonest methods.

Mom. for Good Health.

Today drink some "Castlewood" Bourbon, or Rye Whiskey. Highest grade Kentucky goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co., sole distributors, San Francisco.

It is mighty hard to keep your mouth shut when you have nothing to say.

A Bad Disease

There is a certain disease that has come down to us through many centuries and is older than history itself, yet very few outside of those who have learned from bitter experience know anything of its nature or characteristics. At first a little ulcer or sore appears, then glands of the neck or groin swell; pimples break out on the breast, back or some other part of the body and fill with yellow pustular matter; the mouth and throat become sore and the tongue is at all times badly coated. Headaches are frequent, and muscles and joints throb and hurt, especially during damp, rainy weather. These are some of the symptoms of that most loathsome of all diseases, Contagious Blood Poison.

This strange poison does not affect all alike; some are literally eaten up with it within a short time after being inoculated, while others show but slight evidence of any taint for a long time after exposure, but its tendency in every case is to complete destruction of the physical system, sooner or later.

S. S. S. is a safe and infallible cure for this bad disease—the only antidote for this specific poison. It cures Contagious Blood Poison in every form and stage thoroughly and permanently. S. S. S. contains no Mercury, Potash or other harmful minerals, but is strictly and entirely a vegetable remedy, and we offer \$1,000.00 reward for proof that it is not.

OUR MEDICAL which was established years ago, is doing a noble work in relieving suffering. Give our physicians a short history of your case and get their advice. This will cost you nothing, and what you may will be held in strictest confidence. With their help and a copy of our book on Contagious Blood Poison you can manage your own case and cure yourself at home.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Did you ever notice that your enemies have as many friends as you?

ADAMS SARSAPARILLA PILLS.

A grand medicine to purify the Blood. They Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Sick Headaches. 10c, 25c.

When a friend gives you an opinion that doesn't please you, don't forget that you fished for it.

Beauty and flattery makes giddy femininity.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 281 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Don't wear clothing belonging to your merchant.

To be truly happy you must be doing something worthy all the time. No person with too much time on his hands is happy.

You will never regret being kind to animals. The highest types of men like Lincoln were touched with pity by the sufferings of a bird. Be kind to our dumb friends.

Gray?

"My hair was falling out and turning gray very fast. But your Hair Vigor stopped the falling and restored the natural color."—Mrs. E. Z. Benomme, Cohoes, N. Y.

It's impossible for you not to look old, with the color of seventy years in your hair! Perhaps you are seventy, and you like your gray hair! If not, use Ayer's Hair Vigor. In less than a month your gray hair will have all the dark, rich color of youth. 50c a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

FLASHES OF FUN

"I suppose the coronation will be like a grand play." "But without any villain." "Not at all. There's Alfred Austin."—Life.

Nightmares: "I dream my stories," said Hicks, the author. "How you must dread going to bed!" exclaimed Cynicus.—Tit-Bits.

The Sad Part. Mrs. Hatterson—What! you've had fourteen cooks in three months. Mrs. Catterson—Yes, and I didn't please any of them.—Life.

Just as Bad: Jimson—Were you ever in a Kansas cyclone? Jester—No, but I've been through the New York custom house examination.—Ohio State Journal.

The Intricacies of trade: Woman—How much for children's pictures? Photographer—Ten shillings a dozen, madam. Woman—Why—er—yes; but I've got only nine.—Tit-Bits.

Our Song Birds: "Do you speak English, madame?" inquired the interviewer. "Ver' leed," replied the operatic celebrity, smiling sweetly; "only zis: 'How I love America!'"—Puck.

Gotham—I see the weather man has struck it right in to-night's paper, Church—You don't mean it? Gotham—Yes; he says the weather a year ago to-day was clear.—Yonkers Statesman.

Missed it: "I missed one of my pullets last night, Rufus," said the colonel, sternly. "Sho," replied Rufus, evasively, "yo' oughtn't tuh shoot at pullets in de dawk, kunnel."—Ohio State Journal.

Feminine: Elderly Spinster—Ah, dear Julia, you can't imagine how I dread to think of my fortieth birthday! Julia—Why, dear? Did something very unpleasant happen then?—London Punch.

The only one: Tourist in London—Dickens was in the habit of frequenting this tavern, was he not? Landlord (proudly)—No, sir; this is the tavern which he never frequented.—Brooklyn Life.

His Past: Ferdie (trying to make an impression)—Heavens! what would I not give to be able to forget my past. Edith—What! those old nursery spankings still rankle in your memory?—Judge.

Faithful: Lady (district visiting)—Your wife is always hard at work, and you seem to be always idling. Do you ever do anything to support your house? Rufus—Yus. Ol leans again it!—Punch.

Teeth: Bobby—My gran'ma's so old she ain't got a tooth in her head. Tommy—Ain't she? Well, maybe they're in her bureau drawer, like my Aunt Tillie's is sometimes.—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Off his high horse: Merchant—So you're looking for a position. Young College Graduate—No; I've wasted so much time looking for a "position" that I'll be satisfied now to take a job.—Philadelphia Press.

Spring Opening: Dealer in second-hand garments (to assistant)—We can't mark this suit 'Fashionable.' It's too shabby. Youthful Assistant (a humorist)—No; but you might mark it "Very much worn."—Tit-Bits.

An Explanation: "You frankly confess that your novel failed because of a lack of literary skill?" "I do," answered the author; "the man who wrote the advertisements was no good."—Washington Star.

Scene, anywhere: Customer—I'd like a piece suitable for a roast. Meat Market Man—How much, madam? Customer—As much as I can get for half a dollar. I want to make a roast beef sandwich.—Chicago Tribune.

Mother—There were two apples in the cupboard, Tommy, and now there is only one. How's that? Tommy (who sees no way of escape)—Well, ma, it was so dark in there I didn't see the other.—Glasgow Evening Times.

Short measure: "What am I so mad about?" repeated the popular actress, with flashing eyes; "I only got three bouquets, that's what!" "But," said the manager, "you surely didn't expect more." "Of course I did. I paid for five."—Philadelphia Press.

Hungry but fastidious: "Lady," said the wayfarer, "I can't eat these scraps." "You can't?" said the housewife, in surprise; "why, you just told me that you were so hungry you could eat a house." "Yes, mum; but I meant a porthouse."—Chicago News.

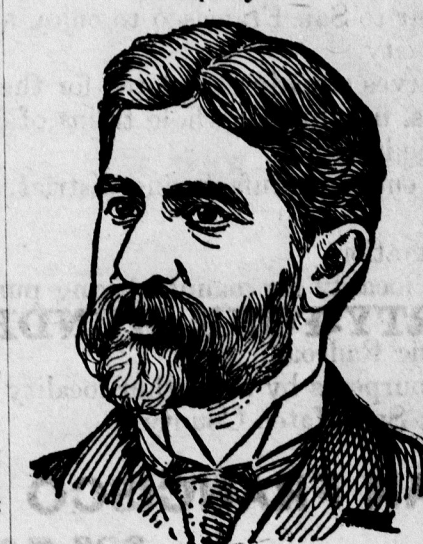
Helpful hints: "O-o-o-h-h-h!" It is the wife who shrieks thus. "What is the matter?" calls the husband. "Baby has swallowed a tack." Nervously the husband seeks his copy of "First Aid to the Injured." Quicker yet is the wife. See! She is feeding the baby a tack-puller.—Baltimore American.

Railroad wanted: "Yes," said the head man of the new settlement. "We're after a railroad now." "You don't say?" "Yes, ef we could only git a railroad to come this way, kill a few cows an' cut off some of the legs of the older citizens, we'd sue it fer damages an' git enough to build a town hall an' grade the cemetery."—Atlanta Constitution.

Thoughtful: President of Foreign Missions—How in the world did all these sofa-cushions and fairy-lamps come to be in this box for the Fiji Islanders? Miss Highbrow (earnestly)—Why! I thought with all their spears and war clubs, that if they only had a few cushions and jeweled lamps they could make such perfectly lovely cozy corners.—Puck.

CONGRESSMAN ALDRICH ENDORSES THE TONIC, PERUNA

Says: "It Will Build Up a Depleted System Rapidly."



HON. W. F. ALDRICH.

Hon. W. F. Aldrich, Congressman from Alabama, writes from Washington, D. C.:

"This is to certify that Peruna, manufactured by The Peruna Medicine Co., of Columbus, O., has been used in my family with success. It is a fine tonic and will build up a depleted system rapidly. I can recommend it to those who need a safe vegetable remedy for debility."—W. F. Aldrich.

CATARRH OF STOMACH. It is with pleasure I recommend Peruna as a tonic of unusual merit. A large number of prominent members of the different Orders with which I have been connected have been cured by the use of Peruna of cases of catarrh of the stomach and head; also in kidney complaint and weakness of the pelvic organs. "It tones up the system, aids digestion, induces sleep, and is well worthy the confidence of sufferers of the above complaints."—H. S. Emory.

A catarrh book sent free by The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Her Singing Pose. Crossing on an ocean liner recently was a woman who sang whenever she was asked, but she imposed conditions. You were not to mind her attitude. She sang with her hands clasped behind her neck, her elbows akimbo on a line with her pompadour, the eyes fixed on the smokestack, if she could have seen up through the promenade deck. She said it was her method. Other women suggested that the only method about it was her idea that she looked pretty that way. She sang in this attitude at the ship's concert.—New York Press.

A Question of Degree. Suave Young Shopwalker—May I inquire, madam, for whom you wish to adopt mourning?

Lady—It is my brother-in-law who is dead. Shopwalker—Certainly, madam. This way to the mitigated grief department, if you please. Thank you!—London King.

Expensive. "I've quit joking my wife about women carrying their pocket handkerchiefs in their pocketbooks," said Tenspot. "It didn't pay." "How was that?" asked Hunker. "She said she'd carry money in hers if she had it. Handled her out \$10 on the spot."—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Jones—How do you like your new cook, Mrs. Brown? Mrs. Brown—Well, I'll tell you. She is a perfect failure at cooking, but, then, there are always compensations. She cooks so wretchedly, in fact, that she can't eat her own cooking. It really is quite a saving, you know.

Do you roast people to their face or behind their backs? The last trick is cowardly; the other foolish.

500,000 WOMEN Have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Their letters are on file and prove this statement to be a fact, not a mere boast. When a medicine has been successful in curing so many women, you cannot well say without trying it—*"I do not believe it will help me!"*



LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound Is a positive cure for all those painful Afflictions of Women. It will entirely cure the worst forms of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacement of the Womb, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the Change of Life.

Your medicine cured me of terrible female illness. Mrs. M. E. MULLER, 1A Concord St., Boston, Mass.

Curious Styles of Letter Endings. Any one in the habit of perusing old letters is struck with the tone of great humility and deference which pervades the correspondence of our ancestors.

A few specimens of the style of beginning and ending letters may prove interesting as in striking contrast to the laconic "yours obediently," "faithfully" or "truly" of the present day. It would certainly be difficult to match the following subscription of a letter from the Duke of Shrewsbury to Sir Thomas Hammer, dated September, 1713: "I desire that you will believe that, wherever I am, I shall always endeavor to deserve and give you much value your friendship, being, with a sincere esteem, sir, your most faithful and obedient servant, Shrewsbury."

Frequently one meets with bellicose subscriptions, as in the case of the Earls of Huntly and Errol, who, in 1594, threatened "awful consequences" to the magistrates of Aberdeen unless they released certain gentlemen imprisoned in their city and inscribed, "Yours as ye will, either present peace or war."

A Sure Thing. A tattered, forlorn miss of fifteen summers entered the office of a young real estate man the other day. Ordinarily he is the politest of individuals, but this day he was so busy that he didn't know "where he was at." So, with a swift glance out of the corner of his eye, he said rather sharply:

"Well, what do you want?" "P-p-p-lease, mister, won't you buy a ticket on our cuckoo clock?" replied the girl hesitatingly.

"Buy a ticket on your cuckoo clock? What the deuce would I do with a cuckoo clock even if I should get it?" "Oh, you won't get it, mister. Please buy a ticket."

He bought.—Kansas City Independent.

"Dogwood Winter." A man from North Carolina who was visiting in Philadelphia in the course of conversation used the expression "dogwood winter."

"What do you mean by dogwood winter?" asked his host. "Don't you really know what dogwood winter is?" demanded the man from Hickory, N. C. "There is always a spell of it in May when the dogwood tree is in bloom. For several days there is cold, disagreeable, cloudy weather and often a touch of frost. Down our way it never fails, and we call it dogwood winter. I thought the phrase was general."

Manias of Authors. In a recent article on the "Mania of Authors" in the Revue Universelle of Paris we are told that Darwin always practiced on his old fiddle before writing; Chateaubriand while dictating to his secretary was in the habit of walking in his bare feet; Schiller and Goethe could not write unless their feet were on ice; Lord Byron always filled his mouth with brandy cherries; Fenimore Cooper used to chew gumdrops; Byron filled his pockets with truffles; Theophile Gautier burned incense.

An Insinuating Missive. He was a German student, and this was the letter he addressed to his uncle:

Dear Uncle—A very strange thing happened yesterday. I went to see a friend of mine at the bank who knows your handwriting very well, and he thought you were ill, as I had not lately presented any checks signed by you. He begs to be remembered to you, as also do I, and you might let my friend see your signature again. If you are very busy, you might send a blank check, and I will fill it in. Yours affectionately, KARL.

Before and After. Single Man (to himself)—I am sure that darling little angel loves me. She takes me into her confidence and tells me all her troubles. Same Man (some years later)—Consarn it all! From morning till night and night till morning, when I'm at home, I hear nothing but tales about the servants, the butcher, the baker, the baker, the candlestick maker and all the rest of 'em!—New York Weekly.

The Girl From the Scientific School. "Our daughter has at last met her fate, my dear."

"How do you know?" "She received several letters from her admirers this morning, but his was the only one she didn't fumigate and sterilize."

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See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below. Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

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A Rattled Bridegroom. A young couple were married in Fenton Falls, and a number of their friends and relatives assembled at the railway station to see them off on their honeymoon. Old slippers and rice were showered on the happy pair as they boarded the train. When they got comfortably seated in the car, the groom noticed a boot in the aisle, and, thinking it was one that had been thrown into the car by some of his jovial friends, threw the boot out of the window as the train was moving. It happened that the boot belonged to a well known Toronto commercial traveler who had removed his boots to ease his weary feet. On the arrival of the train at Lindsay the bridegroom was compelled to purchase a new pair of boots for the drummer.—Toronto Globe.

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ADAMS SARSAPARILLA PILLS. Small, delicious, chocolate coated pellets for Constipation, Biliousness, Sick-headaches, Dyspepsia, Etc. 10c, 25c box. At all drug stores.

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Power and antagonism only keep the respect of some men.

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Don't stop because envy grabs at you to pull you down.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Paste. Cures swollen feet, blisters and callous spots and is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, hot, itching feet. At all Druggists, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olinde, LeRoy, N. Y.

Did you take Gilt Edge Whiskey this morning? You would feel better throughout the day if you had. For sale by all first-class dealers. Wichman, Lutgen & Co., San Francisco, Cal., sole proprietors.

Measure the calibre of a man when he comes to town by the company he hunts up.

\$100 REWARD, \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The sameness of this world would be terrible if everybody did just right, like we do.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

The paths of error—the religion of other people.

A Pointed Suggestion. A young married lady is often criticised by her friends because of the freedom with which she accepts little attentions from friends of the other sex.

At a recent gathering which she attended she drew from her pocket her lace handkerchief, in which a knot had been tied in order to call to her mind some trivial duty.

"Dear me," said the popular young married lady to several gallants about her, "why is that knot in my handkerchief? I tied it there to remind me of something. What could it be?"

"My child," said an old lady who overheard her and who is noted for the acrid wit of her repartee, "it was probably tied in order to remind you that you are married."

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Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

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Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

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